The Post

Sunday Special

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED IN GLASGOW EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.

NO. 646. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER] SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1917. PRICE ONE PENNY.

ALLENBY'S ADVANCE ON JERICHO

BATTLE ON THIRTEEN MILE FRONT.

TURKS IN FULL RETREAT—IMPORTANT CAPTURES BY BRITISH.

GREAT AERIAL FIGHTING IN FRANCE —13 MACHINES DOWN.

Another advance in Palestine is reported this morning by General Allenby, who has attacked the Turkish positions at intervals this week, always with complete success.

This latest action is in the Jerusalem region, and we have made a two-miles advance on a front of thirteen miles. General Allenby reports that the Turks are falling back generally, but the rough ground makes pursuit slow and difficult.

Sir Douglas Haig, reporting on Saturday night, states eleven German aeroplanes were brought down by our machines or our anti-aircraft guns. Two other hostile machines were driven down out of control.

Three British destroyers are reported lost by mine or torpedo off the Dutch coast, with the loss of 193 lives. Several bodies, according to a Dutch report, have been recovered.

TOWARDS JERICHO—ALLENBY'S RESOLUTE ATTACK.

(FROM GENERAL ALLENBY.)

War Office, Saturday Night.

General Allenby reports that on the 28th his troops continued to drive back the enemy, and advanced their line to a depth of about two miles on a front of thirteen miles.

This advance has given us the high ground of Ras Arkub es Suffa, four miles from Jerusalem and one mile north of the Jericho road; Anata, Er Ram Kulundia, the last two respectively east and west of the Nablus road and five or six miles north of Jerusalem and Beitunia.

Irish troops met with considerable opposition, which they overcame with determination in spite of the difficulties of the ground.

The prisoners reported in the fighting of the 27th up to the present number 130.

Though the enemy is falling back generally, the rough ground and mountainous nature of the country make pursuit slow and difficult.

Our aeroplanes bombed troops and transport on the Nablus road all day on the 28th with great effect.

London, Saturday Night.

The centre of the advance announced this evening is Jerusalem to Shechem (Nablus) and Jericho respectively. The Shechem road has been largely used by the Turks for bringing up reinforcements to oppose Allenby's advance.

The British advance, it is clear from to-day's report, is being pressed with great resolution, and is leading towards Jericho on the east and Bireh, an important road centre on the Shechem road.

13 GERMAN MACHINES BROUGHT DOWN ON BRITISH FRONT.

(FROM FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.)

British General Headquarters, 9.13 p.m., Saturday.

During the day hostile artillery has again shown considerable activity at a number of points along our front, especially in the neighbourhood of Hargicourt, south and west of Lens, and east and north-east of Ypres.

On the 28th inst. the weather was fine, with a strong east wind, which late in the afternoon increased almost to a gale. A great many successful photographs were taken by our aeroplanes, and over a hundred bombs were dropped on three of the enemy's aerodromes north of Lille.

The enemy's artillery machines were very active, and were repeatedly attacked by our scouts and engaged by our anti-aircraft guns.

Seven hostile machines, four of which fell in our lines, were brought down by our aeroplanes and two others were driven down out of control. Four other hostile machines were shot down by our anti-aircraft guns, three of them falling in our lines.

Three of our aeroplanes are missing.

LOSS OF THREE DESTROYERS OFF DUTCH COAST.

193 OFFICERS AND MEN MISSING.

Admiralty, Saturday.

Three of our destroyers were mined or torpedoed during foggy weather off the Dutch Coast during the night of 22-23d December.

A total of 13 officers and 180 men were lost.

The next-of-kin have all been informed.

Amsterdam (Received Saturday).

A Hook of Holland telegram states that on receipt of the news that three British destroyers were sunk either by torpedoes or by mines on Sunday night a salvage steamer, flying the Red Cross flag, and the steam lifeboat at the Hook of Holland proceeded to the scene of the disaster to render all possible help.—Reuter.

BODIES RECOVERED.

The Neuive Courant reports that two bodies, apparently those of British sailors, have been washed up on the coast.

The men possibly belong to one of the destroyers reported to have been sunk last Sunday.

The bodies have no identification marks. They were photographed by the police, and were buried with military honours.

GERMAN FLEET LEAVING RUSSIAN COAST.

London, Saturday.

A telegram from Petrograd to the Berner Tagblatt states that the German Fleet is returning from the Russian coast to Kiel and Danzig. Five light cruisers will be left in the eastern waters of the Baltic.

IMPROVING CONVOY SYSTEM.

SHIP CAPTAIN'S IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.

Press Bureau Saturday Night.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that Captain A. Trant, master mariner, of the Leyland Line, who has been attached to the naval staff of the Admiralty since September, has been appointed marine superintendent in the convoy section of the naval staff. In this capacity he will visit the ports from time to time, and masters of ships are invited to call upon him if they have any matters they wish to report or discuss.

GERMANS STILL RUSHING TROOPS WEST.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

Les Neuvelles of Maastricht reports that the Germans are at present engaged upon the dismantling of the massive bronze doors which form the imposing entrance to the Palais de la Bourse at Brussels, with the object of transporting them to Germany.

The movement of troops towards the Western front continues with redoubled intensity. All passenger and goods traffic on the railways has been suspended, as all the available rolling stock was commandeered by the German military authorities on December 15 for the transport of troops and material for the war.

NATURALISED GERMAN ARRESTED

On Grave Charge of Treason.

New York, Saturday.

Paul Hennig, a naturalised German, employed as a foreman at a local factory making torpedoes for the Government, has been arrested on a charge of treason.

It is stated that the gyroscopes to be used in the torpedoes assembled under Hennig's direction were found to be maliciously mutilated, making the torpedoes useless.

Hennig came to the United States in 1903, and was naturalised in 1916.

SIR EDWARD CARSON AND A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

REPLY TO MR HENDERSON'S SPEECH.

London, Saturday.

The Press Association has received the following letter from Sir E. Carson for publication:—

Sir,—I observe that in his speech to the Labour Congress last Friday, Mr Henderson is represented to have said that I have treated the proposal to establish a League of Nations "with scorn and contempt." He is mistaken. I have pointed out that there is much loose thinking on the subject, and it is of vital importance that the public should not be misled by a specious phrase the practical application of which to the realities of internal Government has baffled for years all students of international law.

So long ago as the 6th September in a letter, widely published in the press, I wrote my views in the following language:—"If this war is to put an end to all war, if in the Prime Minister's phrase there is to be 'No next time,' it must be waged until Germany military power has been sufficiently crushed to make fresh aggression by her impossible for a long time to come, and until it is no longer possible for the German people themselves to be deluded by the legend of their invincibility in arms.

"When this has been achieved it may be possible for a League of Nations to be established with some reasonable hope of being able to safeguard a peace thus set on a durable foundation. But unless this war attain such a result, all the sacrifices of this struggle will have been made in vain, and the world will not have been made safe for democracy."

I do not know whether Mr Henderson thinks that by such language I have treated the proposal "with scorn and contempt," but I feel confident that I have expressed the view of all those who have carefully considered the question.

Mr Henderson in another part of his speech makes an equally unfortunate use of a quotation from a speech of mine at Portsmouth. After extracting a sentence in which I asserted that neither Austria nor Turkey desired to continue the war, he proceeded to criticise the Government for not having come to an arrangement with these two Powers.

If Mr Henderson had read the sentence in my speech immediately following that which he quoted it would have supplied a complete answer to the argument. I indicated that such an arrangement as Mr Henderson suggests was not practicable, because "both Austria and Turkey have unfortunately become the mere vassals of Germany."—(Signed) Edward Carson.

"NO HOHENZOLLERN PEACE."

LORD CURZON'S CALL TO THE COUNTRY.

London, Saturday Night.

Earl Curzon of Kedleston (Grand Master) has addressed the following New Year's message to the Primrose League:—

A year ago, I wrote in a New Year's message to the Primrose League that this terrible war might involve another year, perhaps more of endurance and suffering, and this foreboding has proved to be only too accurate. Indeed, the severest crisis, the supreme trial lies before not behind us, and in the next six months we may be confronted with, perhaps, greater than we have yet overcome.

The spirit of our country and our race must and will respond to the call not merely because we are as convinced as ever we were, if possible more so, of the righteousness of our cause, but because a weakening now might entail the loss of all that we are out to win for the world and civilisation, and would place the nations of the earth at the mercy, whenever he chose to strike again, of an enemy inflamed with arrogance and contemptuous of all moral law, so that their lot would be worse even than ours.

Peace we all desire. Peace on Hohenzollern terms we could probably obtain without difficulty, but any such peace would be a disgrace to ourselves and treason to those who come after.

Our peace must not merely be a parchment peace, but a security peace.

The burden but also the honour of fighting for this kind of peace has been thrown for reasons which we cannot fathom upon the time to which we belong. Never let it be said that we flinched from the glorious responsibility. Let us take fresh heart and courage from the example of those who have already paid the price, and let us not forget that the war will be won just as much by fortitude at home as by valour in the field.—Central News.

MANNHEIM RAID.

SEVERE DAMAGE REPORTED.

FOUR BOMBS ON MAIN STATION.

TWO BURSTS SEEN IN LUDWIGSHAFEN.

Press Bureau, Saturday Night.

The following further information about the bombing raid on Mannheim, carried out on the 24th December, 1917, has now been received:—

Two of our formations, totalling ten machines, crossed the line at a height of 9000 feet between 10 and 10.15 a.m.

The two formations arrived over the objective almost simultaneously, and, in spite of heavy and accurate anti-aircraft fire, dropped their bombs from a height of over 13,000 feet.

Sixteen 112-lb. bombs and two 230-lb. bombs were dropped in all.

Four bursts were observed in the main station.

Several in the Lonz Works.

Two in Ludwigshafen (across the Rhine from Mannheim); and several in the munition factory between Mundenheim and Rhein Gonnheim.

The bursts were partially confirmed by photographs taken at the time.

Strong Gunfire Encountered.

Two formations of enemy aeroplanes were encountered, totalling eleven machines, of which, however, only five reached the height of the bombing machines, and these did not attempt to attack at close range.

The anti-aircraft defences around Mannheim appeared strong, and brought down one of our machines, which was last seen descending under control.

In addition, one of our observers was wounded, but reached home safely.

Haze and mist added to the difficulties of the operations, some towns in the Rhine Valley being completely covered.

BIG MUNITION FACTORY DESTROYED.

Chateau d'Oex (Received Saturday).

The convoy of prisoners which arrived from Germany to-day were accorded a magnificent reception.

Amongst the party were a number of naval men who were at Mannheim when the British air raid took place on December 26. They described with delight the daring manner in which our airmen, scorning the terrific barrage, circled over the town. Men working in the town on their return to camp told them that a big ammunition factory was entirely destroyed and a large bridge over the Neckar demolished.

The damage to property was considerable.

GERMAN DREAD OF AIR RAIDS.

Zurich, Saturday.

The Munchner Neueste Nachrichten reports that hundreds of British and French officers have recently been sent to the camp for prisoners of war at Stuttgart in order to share with the population the danger of possible air raids.

BLAZING ZEPP FALLS INTO NORTH SEA.

Copenhagen, Saturday.

A West-Jutland telegram states that a Zeppelin was observed in flames a long distance away over the North Sea, and shortly afterwards was seen to fall into the sea.

The airship was apparently accompanied by two hydroplanes, of which one was subsequently seen to be in a wrecked condition, and obtaining assistance from the other.

Paris, Saturday.

During the night of the 28th-29th December our aeroplanes bombarded railway stations at Mezieres, Les Mets, and Thionville, as well as the enemy establishments in the region of Vouziers and Retzel.—French Afternoon Report.

THE PALESTINE VICTORY.

FIGHTING NORTH OF JAFFA.

BRILLIANT CROSSING OF THE AUJA.

London, Saturday Night.

A report dealing with the recent successful operations in Palestine was received to-night from the Press Association special correspondent with General Allenby. The report, dated Monday, says:—

During the past week our troops have been engaged in local skirmishes in various parts of the line, with the result that our front has been slightly advanced and strengthened, while a certain number of prisoners have been captured.

The most important action was north of Jaffa, where our infantry forced the passage of the River Auja in face of heavy shelling, and established itself on a strong line ten miles north of Jaffa, which is thus safeguarded from the menace of the enemy distance shelling, especially along the road of approach from the east.

Crossing the Auja.

The River Auja after the Jordan is the stream in Palestine which is best supplied with water. It has a very short course through the coastal plain.

Under the protection of heavy bombardment the Engineers threw light bridges across the stream, and also provided rafts on which some of the troops were ferried across.

Operations were carried out during the night of December 20. The Turks showed considerable fight, and opposed the passage with artillery and machine guns. Their efforts failed even to delay our progress, and the Turkish positions north of the river were captured in the course of a gallant rush, which yielded over 300 prisoners, including 11 officers and 10 machine guns.

North-eastward we also pushed beyond the Jewish colony of Mulebbis, the centre of a rich agricultural district.

Fighting East of Jerusalem.

East of Jerusalem our troops made a further slight advance, capturing the hill of Ras Es Samby, with 30 prisoners and two machine guns.

Apart from the material advantages gained by this series of minor operations, we have inflicted considerable loss on the enemy.

It is not always easy to estimate Turkish casualties, as they spare no effort to remove the dead and wounded; but, for instance, at Bald Till, north of Jaffa, over 40 dead were left in the trenches.

The weather during the past ten days has been cold and very windy, with frequent heavy rains, especially at nights.

The Turkish commissariat seems to have failed to rise to the occasion, all the prisoners complaining of the shortness of foodstuffs.

ALICE WHEELDON RELEASED

AT EXPRESS REQUEST OF PREMIER.

ECHO OF ATTEMPT TO KILL LLOYD GEORGE.

London, Saturday Night.

The Home Secretary has decided to advise the release upon license of Alice Wheeldon, who was convicted in February last at the Central Criminal Court of conspiracy to murder the Prime Minister, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. This decision has been taken at Mr Lloyd George's express request.

MRS WHEELDON GOES ON HUNGER STRIKE.

London, Saturday Night.

Mr S. H. Riza, the Indian barrister who defended the Wheeldons at the Old Bailey, wrote to the Home Secretary to-day, urging that, in the interests of justice and humanity, Mrs Wheeldon ought to be released.

Friends of Mrs Wheeldon state that they are in hourly expectation of news of her death. Their version of the events which have culminated in her illness is as follows:—

Until Wednesday she was at Aylesbury Prison, and on several occasions she has been divested of her clothing in the presence of a number of wardresses in a manner which, to her mind, was humiliating. She threatened to hunger strike if the treatment was continued, and her protest proving unavailing, she put her threat into operation, starting on Friday of last week.

Last Wednesday she was removed to Holloway, and examined by three doctors, each of whom detected valvular disease of the heart, from which she has suffered for many years, and declared it impossible to have her forcibly fed.

Mrs Wheeldon's friends are making postcard appeals to the Home Secretary for her release.

GERMANS IN NEW GUINEA

Believe Colony will be Returned to Kaiser.

Sydney, Saturday.

A traveller who has recently returned from what was formerly German New Guinea says that the plantations there are becoming wonderfully productive and profitable. The Germans still retain all their interests, and they are firmly convinced that New Guinea will again become a German territory after the war. Some of them go as far as to declare their strong belief that Australia itself will become German territory after the conclusion of hostilities.

THE SPEAKER AND PEACE.

NO "SHINING SWORD" ALLOWED.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS PROPOSAL.

Carlisle, Saturday Night.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. J. W. Lowther, addressing a war aims meeting at Carlisle this afternoon, said we were fighting for justice and security for the future. Until justice was obtained he was sure the people of this country would never be satisfied with any peace that might be proposed.

With regard to security, we were to-day in no better position than we were in August, 1914. Rumours were about that the Germans were ready for peace. He did not know how that might be, but he was perfectly certain we were ready for a peace which would give us justice and security, and for no other peace.

Referring to the League of Nations, he said it was a fine idea, but it was Utopian. Because it was Utopian, however, it did not follow it would not be accepted. We should endeavour to support it in every way we could, but before we could form a League of Nations with any chance of success, Germany must be prepared to come in under very different conditions to those which we now thought it likely she would carry with her. We could not have shining swords and mailed fists in any League of Nations. Germany must come in with very different weapons before we, for one, could have any hand in such a League.

Alluding to the suggested commercial boycott of Germany after the war, the Speaker said he did not believe in it. He was out for a peace that would last, founded on sound foundations that would stand wear and tear, and last perhaps for centuries When peace came it would only be acceptable if it came on fair and reasonable conditions, and was founded on justice and security.

PAN-GERMANS AND PEACE.

BITTER ATTACK ON LATEST PROPOSALS.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

Discussing events at Brest Litovsk the Vorwaerts says:—It needs irrepressible optimism to expect that in the next ten days a fundamental revulsion of feeling will take place in England and France. There is, however, no doubt that the war policy of the Western Powers in these days is under the strongest moral pressure of that convulsion which will be the prelude to reaction that cannot fail to eventuate.

Herr Erzberger says he is now absolutely certain that peace with Russia will be an accomplished fact shortly.

Interviewed by the Berlin correspondent of the Weiner Journal, he said there are only little differences regarding Article III. of the Russian proposals, but this difference of opinion will not prevent peace, because an opportunity is given to every State to decide in accordance with its own principles.

"Painful Bitterness."

The Pan-German and armament press utter a lamentation on the general acceptance of the Bolshevik peace proposals, and expresses its alarm that Germany and her Allies may commit a fateful error in showing too much sympathy with the Russian proposals.

The Duesseldorffer Generalzeiger appears to be specially disgusted. The paper pictures millions of people dropping their newspapers "with painful bitterness in their hearts when reading this news," and continues, "Through no fault of ours we have suffered sacrifices of blood and treasure. We have crushed a powerful enemy on one side, and look forward to defeating in 1918 the remaining disturbers of the peace. But no reparation is to be demanded from the vanquished enemy on the day of the termination of the war. No; apart from always mourning for our dead heroes we shall in future have to pay threefold taxes under threefold heavier conditions. This will be the German peace; yes, the German Michaelis' peace."

HARASSING FIRE ON ITALIAN FRONT.

Enemy Lose Prisoners in Attempted Raids.

Rome, Saturday Night.

Along the whole front there was the usual harassing fire.

Reciprocal patrol activity took place in Lagarina Valley and Valliensa.

Attempted raids on Costalunga and Mont Melago Asiago Plateau were repulsed, a few prisoners being captured.

On the Piave Vecchi some prisoners were taken during a reconnaissances raid.—Italian Official Report.

WAR PRISONERS ILL-USED AT BERLIN.

Jeered While Clearing Snow from Streets.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The German papers point out that disgraceful scenes have been witnessed in Berlin while Italian, British, French, and Belgian prisoners were ordered to clean the streets of snow.

Crowds surrounded the prisoners, and insulted them, hissed them, and even tried to beat them.

There was no police protection available.

DRAMATIC SCENE IN HOTEL

WHEN CONFIDENTIAL NAVAL PAPERS ARE STOLEN.

ACCUSED MAN REMANDED.

London, Saturday.

A dramatic story was told at Clerkenwell Police Court, to-day, when Ambrose Donovan, described as a wool sorter of Wandlake Street, Lambeth, was charged with stealing from an overcoat at Euston Hotel a number of confidential papers, the property of Gunner Boots.

Mr W. T. Rickettes, solicitor, prosecuted for the London & N.W. Railway Co. He said the gunner was in the United States Navy and was sitting in the smoking-room of the hotel, where he was staying, when he saw the accused abstract sealed papers from his overcoat as it hung in the room.

The papers were addressed to the American Embassy and their value was unknown. The gunner said he hung his coat up and sat down at a table to write. The accused came in and hung his coat on a peg adjoining that where witness's uniform coat hung. After about half an hour Donovan took down his own coat and took the papers from witness's coat pocket. They were confidential naval documents and must not be produced in Court.

Witness seized the man and took the papers from him. The authorities were informed and the accused charged. The Embassy were awaiting the papers t that moment.

An inspector said that Donovan, on hearing the charge, said—"We can square this little matter up between us." He added, "If you believe that man you will be led like a lamb to the slaughter."

Mr Bros—What have you to say?

The Accused—Everything was a complete blank to me last night.

The Magistrate remanded the accused in custody.

VERDICT OF WILFUL MURDER

RETURNED AGAINST ARMY CORPORAL

ACCUSED OF CAPTAIN TIGHE'S DEATH.

London, Saturday.

The Coroner's inquiry into the fate of Capt. Tighe, who died as the result of injuries inflicted upon him at his residence, Winkfield Lodge, Wimbledon, was resumed at Wimbledon to-day.

Victor De Stamir, a corporal in the British Army, who is accused of murdering the captain, was present.

Sub-Divisional Inspector Bowerman repeated evidence given previously as to the finding of a blood-stained poker near a couch in the room.

Detective-Sergeant Loden said that on December 1 he arrested De Stamir at Vine Street on another charge. With other officers he visited a back room at Tooting and unlocked a large tin box which he found under the bed. Inside the box were a khaki tunic, a pair of black shoes, and a pair of khaki breeches, in the pocket of which was an oxydised watch. A mackintosh and another oxydised watch were found in the box. These watches and box have been identified as having belonged to Captain Tighe.

Detective-Inspector Beard, who examined the window which was found open at Winkfield Lodge, said that just underneath it was a footmark in the loose soil.

Suspected Man's Statement.

Police-Sergeant Snaill said that when he was taking De Stamir from Streatham to Wimbledon, the prisoner began to make a statement. After being cautioned, he said:—"I entered the bedroom of Captain Tighe in company with another person. As the door opened the hall clock struck the half-hour and woke up Captain Tighe, who moved his hand along the pillow. It was understood that he had a revolver there. My partner did not wait, but struck Capt. Tighe several blows on the head with a poker. Captain Tighe fell forward, and struck his head against the fireplace. The room was then searched, and we left Winkfield Lodge."

On arriving at Brixton Prison, De Stamir put the statement into writing.

De Stamir went into the witness-box, and gave his name as Arthur Harry Victor De Stamir. He was born in Paris on August 21, 1891. "I came to this country when I was five years old. My father was a Frenchman. I am a French subject. I am a corporal in the City of London Yeomanry. I have heard the evidence of the witness, and I agree that the statement made by the police sergeant is correct.

He was handed the statement, and, after reading it, declared that it was correct, and signed it. He then left the box.

A verdict of wilful murder was returned against De Stamir.

The Coroner and jury complimented the police on the way they had carried out the investigations.

GLASGOW CAR COLLISION

Soldier Injured.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

An alarming collision took place this afternoon at Paisley Road Toll, where an eastbound car crashed into one standing at the station.

Several of the passengers in the latter complained of shock and slight injuries, while Sergeant Aitken, a patient in Bellahouston Hospital, was badly hurt about the back.

The collision is attributed to the greasy character of the rails.

DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD.

THE DEMANDS OF LABOUR.

SAME LAW FOR RICH AND POOR.

London, Saturday.

Representatives of the Trades Union Congress, the Labour Party, and the War Emergency Workers' National Committee were present at a national convention held to-day at the Central Hall, Westminster.

A resolution was submitted protesting against the suffering inflicted on the urban consumers by the delay in organising an equitable system of distribution, demanding that the unfair distribution of supplies as between rich and poor should be brought to an end, and that there must be equal sharing among all families without distinction of wealth or class, urging that compulsory rationing on the basis of registered orders should be at once applied to as many articles as possible, and finally pressing in particular for the organised supply of milk in all districts.

Mr Robert Smillie, moving the resolution, said the power to purchase ought not to be the measure for food supply if food was scarce, but the needs of the people should be the measure of supply. (Hear, hear.) It was the industrial classes who ought to have first claim on the food supply of the country. (Hear, hear.) During the past few months it seemd to be taken for granted that it was a God-made law that the poor should stand in queues waiting for food, while the wealthy could get their food without standing in queues. He protested against any feeling of that kind. While there was a real shortage of food, the conference contended that it should be equally and fairly distributed amongst the whole of the people. (Hear, hear.)

Warning to Government.

We want to warn the Government, added Mr Smillie, that a grave crisis is arising in this country, and that it may break out at any time unless the Government make up their mind to endeavour to prevent it by acting fairly to us all. (Cheers.)

Mr J. R. Clynes, Parliamentary Secretary to the Food Controller, agreed that there was no food policy in this country capable of application excepting the policy of labour. No Government could apply to the food problem measures other than those which labour had recommended, and which Labour was now recommending. (Hear, hear.) None of them wanted to score points over each other or to indulge in arguments. (Hear, hear.) The situation was too serious for that. (Hear, hear.)

I can prove that where the interests of the consumer and the public at large have been involved in any conflict with those departments, on each occasion when we have had to deal with them, the Food Ministry has been able to act in the public interest and have its way. (Hear, hear.)

Mr Clynes endorsed all that had been said on the milk question. On this matter he said the Government had not gone as far as the Ministry wished, and if the conference could do something to push further the Government no one would be better pleased than the Food Ministry.

As to the full control of margarine, butter, and similar commodities, the Food Controller is now doing his best to effect that desirable end. Concerning the suggestion of a system of rationing being based upon registration, that was the principle being followed by the Food Ministry.

It has been urged that we should commandeer all the food supply and distribute it amongst the people, which means that every meal is to be brought round by a Government official. ("Rubbish," and laughter.) If that is not your idea, then you must use the present agencies.

Nearer Starvation.

Twenty odd million people in this country are served, not by the co-operative societies or the multiple shops, but by the small shopkeepers. Commandeer all the food in any one week, and you would soon find yourselves in a grave position. Because you would be one week nearer absolute starvation. Cries of "No"). Oh, yes, for you will have to make arrangements with those who make or produce food.

The Ministry agreed with the spirit of the resolution. Lord Rhondda had declared that he did not care a hang whose interest went, so long as he protected the consumer. (Hear, hear.) Although we shall have to suffer shortage and distress through difficulties and troubles, we cannot physically be overcome.

I am confident, he said, that if you will give us your confidence and your help we can do much to ease the situation and put an end to the terrible distress which so many of the poor suffer. (Loud cheers.)

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Mr H. M. Hyndman declared that the landlords and the shipowners had been a greater menace to the country than the piracy of the German submarines.

SOCIETY ENGAGEMENT BROKEN OFF.

London, Saturday Night.

It is announced here to-night that the engagement of Lord Burghersh and Miss Violet de Trafford has been broken off.

The marriage had been announced to take place at the Brompton Oratory on January 7, but the arrangements for the ceremony have been cancelled and all the wedding presents returned.

Lord Burghersh is the elder son of the Earl of Westmorland, and on his father's side a nephew of Lady Londesborough, while through his late mother he is a nephew of Lord Rosslyn and of Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland.

Miss Violet de Trafford is the only daughter of Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford.

The Food Controller has issued a notice calling upon all makers of, and dealers in, cheese to prepare a return of their stocks of British cheese at the close of business to-morrow (Monday).

SOLDIER BLOWS OUT GAS.

FOUND DEAD IN THE MORNING.

TRAGEDY IN GLASGOW HOTEL.

Glasgow, Saturday Night.

An unhappy accident, resulting in the death of one Canadian soldier and the removal of a comrade in a serious condition to the Royal Infirmary, suffering from gas poisoning, is reported by the police.

The two soldiers, Private James Neil Blacquier, and Private Leslie M'Leod, both of the same battalion in the Canadian Infantry, were found in an unconscious condition at noon in a room in the Argyle Temperance Hotel, Union Street, Glasgow. The room was full of gas, and it is supposed that one of them blew the gas out on retiring.

On arrival at the Infirmary Private M'Leod was found to be dead. To-night his comrade is still in an unconscious condition.

From inquiries at the Argyle Hotel it was found that the soldiers only arrived last night on leave form a camp in the South. They were both well set-up, respectable young fellows, of about twenty-one years of age, and the proprietor himself was speaking to them before they retired to bed about 11.30. The gas was turned off at the meter about half-past eight this morning, which probably accounts for them both not being found dead.

When the soldiers did not appear for breakfast a girl gave them a knock about eleven o'clock. With the door closed she did not detect any smell of gas, but later, when the soldiers did not appear, the room was entered, and the discovery made.

The police have taken possession of the soldiers' belongings, which included about £7 in money.

DISORDERLY RUSHING AT CAR TERMINUS.

LANARK MANAGER'S FIRM ATTITUDE.

Cambuslang, Saturday.

The Tramways Committee of the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire has had under consideration a strongly-worded complaint with reference to the Lanarkshire tramway service to and from the terminus at Cambuslang.

It was alleged that the service was badly conducted, that there was a want of supervision, and that the persons in charge of the cars were inexperienced, with the result that the cars were not being run timeously or regularly. The suggestion was made that a special car should be put on between Flemington and Cambuslang for the convenience of munition workers in Hallside Steel Works, and with a view to putting a stop to the disorderly rushes at the terminus on Saturday nights.

In the course of a spirited reply to these complaints, Mr G. F. Miller, general manager of the Lanarkshire Tramways, wrote:—"I would suggest that you draw the attention of the parties making the complaint to the fact that there is a war on, and our men, being on military service, the supervision of the road has to be undertaken by women. The majority of our drivers have either been taken into the army or bolted for safety into munition works. Further, the majority of the car shed staff are in the army, and their places have been filled by cripples, boys, and women. So far as the disorderly rushing at the terminus is concerned, I think this is a matter for the police, who should keep order, and not allow the mob to do as they like."

In view of the importance of Lanarkshire as a munitions centre, it was agreed to appeal to the committee set up by the Board of Trade with the object of securing improved travelling facilities.

DUNDEE JAM MANUFACTURER'S DILEMMA.

Perth, Saturday.

George Whitton Longair, jam manufacturer, Dundee, was charged before Sheriff Sym at Perth to-day with having, on 15th November, contravened the Petrol Order by using petrol or petrol substitute for his motor car between Dundee and Alyth, which journey could have been conveniently covered by train.

He pleaded not guilty.

The defence evidence showed that Mr Longair had no fixed time for going to Alyth, and had just to go as he could arrange. It was impossible for him to get the morning train to Alyth, as he did not get his correspondence at the Dundee office in time, and if he travelled with the next train he did not get to Alyth until after one o'clock, while he would have to return at 4.45. The car was not being used for joyriding.

The Sheriff thought there was a fair and reasonable train service. This was a case, however, in which Mr Longair was working very hard for his business and the public service, and accordingly he would impose no penalty.

BOY DROWNED AT NITSHILL.

Nitshill, Saturday.

A seven-year-old boy named Gordon Hacking, son of Fred Hacking, orderly in Crookston War Hospital, who resides at Holm Buildings, Nitshill, disappeared yesterday afternoon. It was suspected that he had fallen into the lade which supplies the asbestos works, and on the water being turned off and a search made his body was found there in the course of the evening. The boy was an only child. His parents came to Nitshill from Accrington six weeks ago.

ICE TRACEDY AT GLENBOIG.

SERVANT GIRL RESCUES TWO BAIRNS.

LITTLE GIRL DROWNED.

Airdrie, Saturday Night.

A sad ice accident, resulting in the death by drowning of a little girl, aged ten years, took place on Lochend, near Glenboig.

It appears that Margaret M'Culloch, daughter of a discharged soldier, residing at Lochend Cottages, Gartsherrie, had been on the ice sliding with her brother Henry, aged twelve, and her sister Florence, aged nine, when the ice broke, and they were all immersed in about three feet of water.

The cries of the children were heard by Gertrude O'Byrne (17), domestic servant, and cousin of the children, who was in a washhouse about a hundred yards away. She ran to their aid, jumped into the icy water, and in a struggle to save them all got hold of Florence, pushed her on to the ice, and got her to crawl to safety. Smashing the ice in front of her, the heroic young woman tried to encourage Margaret and Henry to follow the example of their sister. She eventually got hold of the boy Henry, and got him ashore all right, but on returning for Margaret, found she had sank below the ice in about three feet of water, and was drowned. Her body was afterwards recovered by the police.

PORT-GLASGOW'S ELECTRICITY CUT OFF.

Mishap Throws Many Workers Idle.

Port-Glasgow, Saturday.

A serious electricity mishap occurred in Port-Glasgow this morning. A workman was engaged at a job when a steel bar which he was driving into the concrete pierced the electric cables.

One of these was temporarily repaired, and it was hoped that this would meet the requirements till the holidays. The repaired cable, however, broke down before the breakfast hour this morning, with the result that the electricity power to the local works was cut off, throwing many of the men idle.

Happily the shipyards would have been employed for only a few hours longer, as the stoppage for the New Year holidays took place at noon.

MILK SUPPLY CRISIS AT MONTROSE.

Committee's Action Described as "All Nonsense."

Montrose, Saturday Night.

Something approaching a crisis has been reached between the Montrose Food Control Committee and the local dairymen in regard to the milk supply of the burgh.

On the committee being formed the price was fixed at 2s per gallon, but dairymen having first asked 2s 8d declined to come under 2s 4d.

Mr David A. Spence, Cononbank Dairy, Montrose, in a letter to the committee, says:—You intimate that any attempt to retail milk at a higher price than 2s would render the dairymen liable to immediate prosecution. I have reason to think that this intimation is all nonsense, and neither your committee nor any other committee has power to do one single thing in regard to the price of milk except to take it, if you choose, at 1s 9d wholesale, and retail it at your own expense.

The Local Food Control Committee have resolved to send the communication to the headquarters of the Controller in London.

APPOINTMENT TO KILSYTH FOOD COMMITTEE.

An Awkward Situation.

Kilsyth, Saturday.

An awkward situation has arisen at Kilsyth over the demand of the local Co-Operative Society to have direct representation on the Food Control Committee. The matter was brought to the notice of Lord Rhondda, who suggested that the Town Council should appoint a member of the Co-Operative Society in room of a Town Councillor, who had resigned. The Co-Operative Society had previously sent in a nomination of their president, Mr John Ruthven.

The Town Council, while falling in with Lord Rhondda's suggestion, made the stipulation that the representative appointed by the Co-Operative Society should be a ratepayer within the burgh. Lord Rhondda considered the Council were quite within their rights in doing so. Mr Ruthven lives outwith the burgh boundary, and the Council pointed out that his nomination was not in order.

The Co-Operative Society have decided to again send Mr Ruthven's name to the Town Council, and it is pointed out that any other member whom the Town Council may elect will not be recognised as the society's representative.

DEATH OF WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN.

Glasgow, Saturday.

The death took place this morning of Mr Robert Barr, managing director of Messrs R. & G. Barr, Ltd., aerated water manufacturers, Parkhead, Glasgow. Mr Barr, who was a native of Falkirk, was the eldest son of the late Mr Robert Barr, who established the large aerated water and bottling business in Falkirk. The deceased, who was about fifty years of age, was intimately associated with the business life of Glasgow. The business, which has branches in other towns, is probably the largest of its kind in Scotland.

"PROFANING" THE SABBATH.

HIGHLAND PROTEST AGAINST THE SINGING

OF "THE LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST."

Inverness, Saturday Night.

A great agitation has been opened in Inverness against Sunday concerts, and a deputation has been appointed to wait upon the Magistrates to protest against their action in granting permission to the Royal Scots Band giving Sunday concerts.

Mr Joseph M'Leod said the concert given was not sacred, but secular. One item was the solo, "The Little Grey Home in the West," which should not have been sung on Sunday. Profanation of Sabbath must be stopped.

Professor M'Leod said it was a hole-and-corner meeting at which the Magistrates granted permission.

COIL OF WIRE THAT DISAPPEARED.

Two Men Convicted at Airdrie.

Airdrie, Saturday.

How a coil of one hundred yards of copper wire disappeared from a cart on which it was being conveyed along a country road was the subject of inquiry at the County Buildings, Airdrie, to-day.

Two men named James Howieson, labourer, Lamont House Model, Coatbridge, and William Meldrum, carter, Craig Street, Airdrie, were charged with having, on 19th November, at Milnwood Ironworks, Clydesdale, received on behalf of T. C. Topping, contractor for steeplejack work, Preston, one hundred yards of copper wire for delivery at Airdrie Cotton Works, by a pony and cart, and with having somewhere on the road appropriated the wire to their own uses. They denied the charge.

The evidence led by Mr Lindsay, Procurator-Fiscal, for the prosecution was to the effect that the foreman steeplejack had required the wire for the chimney stalk of the Cotton Works at Airdrie as a lightning conductor, as well as some bags of cement, and he hired Meldrum to bring the goods, along with his own workman, Howieson. It was a very wet day when the two set out for Milnwood on a "float" or cart drawn by a pony, and they had some drink before starting. They admitted getting a coil of copper wire, weighing about sixty or seventy pounds, and placing it themselves on the bottom of the cart, surrounding and covering it with the cement and empty bags. They started the journey by way of Chapelhall, and at Holytown "discovered" that the coil of wire was missing. They returned to the works, and represented that it must have been taken off the cart.

The Fiscal argued that the accused had deposited the wire in some place of concealment by the road, and went back with the "cock and bull story" that they had lost it, and on resuming the journey they lifted it again at Holytown.

For the defence Mr Bell, solicitor, led evidence in support of the theory that the wire had either dropped off the cart on the road, or that it had been taken off by somebody as a practical joke. The wire had never been traced, and there was nothing to show that accused had appropriated it.

The Bench found the charge proven, and fined the accused 20s each, or ten days' imprisonment.

MOTHERWELL MAN DIES OF WOUNDS

Sergt. Geo. Davidson, Gordon Highlanders, who died from shrapnel wounds, and was buried with full military honours in Airbles Cemetery, Motherwell, where he was well known.

HAMILTON YOUTH'S FATAL "LIFT."

Hamilton, Saturday.

A distressing accident occurred in Miller Street last night, as a result of which Allan Walker (17), residing with his widowed mother in Beckford Street, lost his life.

Walker and some companions were on their way home from their work at Forniegair Colliery, and had boarded a motor lorry to convey them part of the way.

In alighting from the lorry Walker fell, and the rear wheels of the vehicle passed over him, killing him instantaneously.

SANQUHAR MAN KILLED IN PIT.

Sanquhar, Saturday.

When William Stewart, a well-known and highly respected citizen of Crawick Mill, Sanquhar, did not return from his work as a miner in Gateside Colliery his relatives naturally became alarmed, and proceeded to the pit bank to make inquiries. He was employed on the afternoon shift, and apparently it had not been observed that he did not ascend the shaft with the other miners.

A search was instituted, and on reaching the coal place, where he was working, the party were horrified to see his body lying at the face. Apparently, he had been lying "holing" to prepare a shot when a large piece of coal came away and broke his neck. His pick and pipe were lying close beside him, and he had been dead for some time. Deceased was about 46 years of age and unmarried.

MILITARY POLICEMAN SENT TO PRISON.

ASSAULTS WOMAN WHO REFUSED HIM TEA.

Haddington, Saturday.

To-day, at Haddington Police Court, Private M'Lean of the Scottish Rifles, a military policeman, was found guilty of assaulting an elderly woman in her house.

It was stated that he struck the woman with his clenched fist because she refused to provide him with tea, and thereafter made off. The woman's face was very badly swollen and marked.

In sentencing him to thirty days' imprisonment, the Magistrate characterised the offence as a very cowardly one, and particularly as accused was a member of the R.M.P.

SELLING HOME-MADE JAM.

SUGAR PROSECUTION AT PERTH.

Perth, Saturday.

Before Sheriff Sym, at Perth, to-day, William Brown, market gardener, New Foulis, was charged with having contravened the Sugar Domestic Preserving Order by selling jam which had been made with sugar secured under this Order.

Mr M. L. Howman, the Procurator-Fiscal, stated that the facts in the case were agreed upon. The point in the case was that accused, having made application for 500 lbs. of Commission sugar, he received 75 per cent., which he used for making jam from fruit grown by himself, a quantity of which jam was sold. He contended that it was never intended that this Commission sugar should be used for this purpose, and that in doing so accused had committed a contravention.

Mr A. C. Campbell, solicitor, on behalf of accused, contended that no contravention had been committed, in respect that the proper interpretation of the words "domestic preserving" was nothing more or less than the homely words "home making," and that he did not divert the sugar to any other purpose than the domestic preserving of fruit, which, if not used in this manner, would have gone to waste.

The Sheriff said that on the main question his opinion was that accused diverted the sugar from the purpose for which it was issued, and he went on to the market to sell jam. He imposed a modified penalty of 10s, and intimated that he would state a case, as other cases rested upon it.

EVICTION OF ALIEN FAMILIES.

Miners' Agent Takes Up Cudgels for Poles' Dependents.

Hamilton, Saturday.

County Councillor Joseph Sullivan, Bellshill, one of the best-known agents of the Lanarkshire Miners' Union, has been indefatigable in his efforts to provide relief for families of Russian or Lithuanian subjects who have been called to the colours.

Seen by a "Post" representative to-day, he explained that he had been compelled to take up a strong stand in connection with the threatened eviction of some of these alien families from their homes.

Of the 1800 called to serve in the Russian Army, betwen 600 or 700 of the Lithuanians were married men, and fully 200 of these had their families domiciled in Belshill.

Scores of these foreign women had been served with summonses to appear in Court in order that the ejectment notices might go through the ordinary course of legal procedure.

Mr Sullivan points out that he had reported on the "whole regrettable story" to the Lanark County Council, and he was glad to be in a position to announce publicly that the Relief Committee of that body had agreed to come good for the rents if the husbands were taken away.

On the three days he had speared in Court along with the aliens he had been unfavourably impressed with the fact that in the majority of instances the landlords were asking for their rents beforehand—before these were in reality due.

It was a painful episode—and he was glad that the County Council shared his views in this matter—that many of these poor foreign women had been compelled to leave their homes.

Happily all the evicted families had been given shelter. In some cases they had three families in one house, and in one particular instance twelve parties were under one roof.

This state of affairs was an undoubted menace to public health, but Mr Sullivan explained to-day that steps were being taken to acquaint the Government of the urgency of the situation.

PERTH PRIEST DIES FROM WOUNDS.

Perth, Saturday Night.

News of the death of the Rev. Father Bernard Kavanagh, C.S.S.R., as the result of wounds received in Palestine, has been received in Perth. He was formerly connected with St Mary's Monastery, Kinnoull, Perth.

At Glasgow Sheriff Court John M'Luskey, Esmund Canning, and David Brislin were charged with having, on 23d December, from the shop door of Thomas Moore, 1345 Argyle Street, Glasgow, or elsewhere in Glasgow, stolen forty-five dozen "Post Sunday Special" newspapers. M'Luskey had not been apprehended, but Canning and Brislin pled guilty. The papers were left at the shop door by motor van on Sunday morning, but when Mrs Moore went to bring them in the bundle had vanished. Subsequently two of the accused were apprehended in Paisley Road West, selling the newspapers, and twenty and a half dozen were recovered by the Govan Police. Brislin was sent to Parkhead Reformatory for four years till he attains the age of nineteen. Sentence in Canning's case was continued till 1st March, 1918.

DRESSED LIKE A MAN.

ADVENTURES OF YOUNG CANADIAN WOMAN.

SEQUEL TO A TRIP "TO SEE THE WORLD."

Glasgow, Saturday.

A romantic story centres round the wanderings of a young woman found in the streets of Glasgow by a city constable.

She was wearing a khaki uniform, overcoat, tunic, breeches, leggings, and a peak cap, and had also a pair of gauntlet gloves. A few years ago she might have been accused of masquerading in male attire, but what precisely is female attire it might be difficult nowadays for a Magistrate to determine.

This young woman, aged twenty-four, is tall and rather handsome, and in her trousers and cap she looked smart and natty, even if somewhat mannish. Her story is that she came from Toronto, Canada. Having no near relatives, she set out to see the world, and on the way across to this country she met a number of Canadian soldiers.

Some of the latter suggested that she should enlist in the Canadians as a motor transport driver, and to help her to effect this ruse they supplied her with surplus clothing. Thus she became dressed almost like a man, and landed in England.

Since then she has been in London, then Edinburgh, and now Glasgow. The young woman feels her position, as she has no petticoats and skirts with which to adorn herself when released. The police are in doubt what to do with her. They have no doubt whatever of the truth of her story, and on that statement the only charge that could be made against her would be that of "being an unauthorised person wearing an army uniform."

It looks as if this were an opportunity for a kind Samaritan providing as a New Year gift a complete rig-out of suitable clothes for this somewhat foolish young woman.

DISAPPOINTED QUEUES AT DUNDEE.

No Butter or Margarine for Week-End.

Dundee, Saturday.

Dundee will have to eat its bread dry this week-end.

Butter and margarine were scarce, indeed the folks who got any were extremely lucky. Large queues formed outside the butter shops and waited on for hours in the hope of getting a supply for the week-end, but they had to go away empty-handed.

"We do not expect any until Monday," was the statement made by the merchants. The scarcity was due to a rearrangement made by the authorities for sending supplies north. It was originally intended that Dundee's share should be furnished from London, but Liverpool was afterwards asked to send on the goods. It is believed that the supply has been sent off, but the congestion on the railways consequent upon the heavy traffic has delayed its arrival.

AN INVALID'S SAD END.

Alloa, Saturday.

John Sloan (30), residing with his mother at Stirling Street, Tillicoultry, was found suspended by the neck in an outhouse there this morning. Sloan had been an invalid for years, and a day or two ago he had visited an infirmary, where he was told they could do nothing for him.

MILITARY MEDAL FOR AIRDRIE CANADIAN.

Sergt. Geo. Smith, Canadian Black Watch, who has been awarded the Military Medal, emigrated to Canada four years ago. He enlisted at Montreal, where his mother resides.

COAST PUBLICANS' HARVEST.

Dunoon, Saturday.

Although it is being held out everywhere that whisky is scarce, and that, as a preventive, the price had to be increased, the evidence during the festive season is that there is unlimited supply in Dunoon at the big price, as evidenced by the large quantity that has been carried from the town.

Every day up till yesterday—the last day of the week for selling spirits for carrying out—large numbers of people have been visiting the town from Greenock and elsewhere, and carrying off large quantities.

One man, with his working clothes and dirty face, passed over the boat gangway for Greenock with five bottles in his possession, and only yesterday there was a raid by hawkers on the town, and they bought up as much as possible.

The drink was purchased by women, who had their male companions waiting outside to secure the bottles and have them conveyed to the pier.

It is understood that these people are hawking the whisky in Greenock.

BODY FOUND AT STRANRAER.

Stranraer, Saturday Night.

This morning the remains of a man were found on the beach about half a mile from the farmhouse of South Cairn, occupied by Mr Alexander Gilmour.

The body was practically nude, and minus both arms and legs. After medical examination the remains were interred in Kirkcolm Churchyard.

LATEST NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

FROM ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND.

BY WIRE AND 'PHONE.

The sale of war comforts tickets on the Glasgow Tramways last week realised £175.

The price of beef in Perth is to be reduced by twopence per pound early in the New Year.

Private John Graham, gamekeeper at Pirniehall, Drymen, has been wounded, and is a prisoner of war.

Captain Robert Wemyss Muir Arbuthnot, Royal Field Artillery, of North Berwick, has received from the French Government the Croix de Guerre.

John Fyfe (5), son of Hugh Fyfe, soldier, 28 Duke Street, Clackmannan, died in the Alloa Accident Hospital yesterday as the result of a burning accident.

Private Joseph O'Shaughnessy, Northumberland Fusiliers, son of Mrs O'Shaughnessy, 133 Dundyvan Road, Coatbridge, has been awarded the Military Medal.

As the result of the Volunteer campaign in Greenock, promoted by Provost M'Millan, upwards of 200 recruits have been obtained for the local battalion.

Sergeant David Blackwood, Renton, A. and S.H., has been awarded the Military Medal. He was a popular playing member of the Renton Glen Albion football team.

The Military Medal has been bestowed on Private John Cowan, R.A.M.C., one of the three soldier sons of Mr William Cowan, J.P., and a prominent public man in Kirkconnel.

The Distinguished Service Order has been awarded Major Fraser Tytler, of Woodhouselee, Gullane. He is a partner of the firm of Messrs Fraser Tytler, Writers to the Signet.

Bummin' Jimmie, a Stirling character, has died in Larbert Lunatic Asylum. He had been an inmate for forty-five years, and cost the ratepayers £1300 for maintenance.

A woman who was killed on Friday night by a motor lorry in Greendyke Street, Glasgow, was last night identified by her husband as Mrs Mary Ann Walker or Colvin (68), of 233 Bernard Street, Bridgeton.

To-morrow Mr and Mrs William Forrest, Crawley Bank, Springfield, Fife, celebrate their golden wedding. The couple were married in Glasgow on December 31, 1867, by the Rev. Alex. Donovan, minister of Charlotte Street Free Church.

A movement is on foot to establish a handloom weaving factory in Coatbridge in order to provide work for disabled soldiers and munition girls who may have difficulty in gaining employment after the war.

The six works of the United Turkey Red Company in the Vale of Leven and Renton districts closed for their annual New-Year holidays yesterday. The Armstrong Whitworth's works also shut down in the forenoon.

Over a hundred of Cupar's old folks were entertained to dinner yesterday by Mr F. B. Sharp, of Hill of Tarbet. Mr Sharp also presented each of the women with packets of tea and sugar, and the men with sticks of tobacco.

On the recommendation of the N.C.O's and men of his company, Second-Lieut. A. M. Neish, Denny, has been awarded the Military Cross for gallantry. Lieut. Neish was assistant teacher in Copland Road Public School, Govan.

Sergeant Arthur Kirkpatrick, of the Scottish Horse, who has been awarded the Military Medal, was born and educated in Ballantrae. He is the elder son of Mr Kirkpatrick, for many years coachman to the late Mrs Oliver, of Laggan.

Second-Lieutenant John Forrest, Machine Gun Corps, who is reported missing, is the elder son of Mrs M'Redie, 18 Academy Street, Stranraer. He was twenty-one years of age, and prior to enlisting was a medical student at Edinburgh University.

The death has taken place from wounds received in action of Lance-Corporal W. H. Skinner, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and for some years organist of Duns Parish Church. He was one of the most gifted and popular musicians in Berwickshire.

Kilmarnock and district workmen have increased their infirmary contributions during the past year by £589. Their subscriptions exceed those from ordinary sources by several hundred pounds, and they are seeking increased representation on the directorate.

Arrangements are progressing satisfactorily in Aberdeen for the visit of the tank from the 28th January to 2d February, and hearty co-operation has been promised from Aberdeen and Kincardineshire and from Inverness, Fraserburgh, Peterhead, Huntly, and other towns.

Edinburgh Food Committee have voted honoraria of £150 to Mr John Stewart, S.S.C., clerk to Edinburgh School Board, who has carried out the duties of executive officer; and £50 to Mr White, a Post Office official, who has given assistance in regard to registration and distribution of sugar cards, &c.

Corporal John M'Kinnon, Cameron Highlanders, was yesterday presented with a gold watch and albert, pocket-book and money, from his former fellow-workers in Mungal Foundry, Falkirk, in recognition of having gained the Military Medal. This is the fourth Mungal Foundry employee to be honoured by the workmen.

The recent award of 12½ per cent. bonus granted by the Ministry of Munitions to the men employed on munitions was paid all over Scotland yesterday. The bonus dated from the first full pay after 12th October last, and applies to practically all foundry workers paid on plain time rates, piecework being excluded.

Captain Hoyle's Ingenious Method of Strafing the Huns.

SECOND-LIEUT. BILLIE IMPETT & HIS ORDERLY

THEIR EXPLOITS WITH "THE STICKERS" ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

By CAPTAIN EUSTACE AINSWORTH.

N.I.
A New Year's greeting from his gun turret.

This week the author tells how Captain Hoyle, whose examples of gallantry were such a great inspiration to Lieut. Billie Impett, relieved a situation on the Western front and indeed completely turned the tables on the enemy. The author also relates one of the most humorous stories of the war, entitled, "The Tale of the Ramshackle Coach"—an incident of the kind which helps to make Tommy forget some of the hardships of the trenches.

CAPTAIN HOYLE was fond of impressing upon his subalterns that the education of an R.E. officer was all that he learned and picked up after he had been turned out by the military authorities as "qualified." This was no reflection upon the Army Council, but a reminder that the orthodox training was only the basis of further development and that the use of a man's wits in war was as imperative as that of his limbs. Sometimes his teaching materialised in success, though not too often, but once, at anyrate, he showed by example what could be done by the exercise of pure guile.

The division had been on rest, and, coming back into the line, took over from a weary crowd somewhere on the edge of the Ypres salient, and were told that the front at that spot was very quiet. This gave no anxiety, for the same tale had been heard before, but it did assure a couple of days to settle down until the brigades and guns had changed the aspect of affairs. That is always useful, because it allows you to "take over" deliberately, to get details of working parties, maps, and those little tips which often mean so much in the dark on strange ground. There is a tale of a most useful dead German called Percy, but that is a tale in itself and must wait its turn.

"I think you will be all right here, Impett," Hoyle said as they walked round a half-ruined farm that was to act as forward billet, "but if not just let me know. I shall be up here to-morrow some time."

Billie said, "Yes, sir," and fell into conversation with the women of the farm, with distant ideas of hot water and perhaps a real bed, the two things of all others that are as welcome as they are difficult to obtain.

Later in the day the kitchen began to fill up. First a gunner officer who wanted some Worcester sauce, then a machine gun officer from the front line, followed by another gunner officer who asked if the R.E. wanted anything, as they were overstocked and would sell at a great reduction. Being of a commercial mind, Carstairs, who had ridden up, naturally introduced demand to supply and so saved some stock.

During the conversation it was gathered that there was to be a battery on either side, and that it would be very snug all being so close together, for there is a special bond of sympathy between the gunners and R.E. of the same division. Billie and Carstairs looked at one another—they had been there before—and asked when it was expected to open the ball, because they particularly wanted to sandbag the front of the farm, a piece of work which involved the filling and laying of perhaps two thousand sandbags.

"Don't you worry," one gunner answered laughing. "We don't poop off till we're comfy ourselves, and there is quite a lot to be done."

A Terror of a Gun.

Then the machine gun man opened up. If you have ever met a machine gun man at his work you can guess that he talked Vickers-Maxim and nothing else, but in this case his particular point was a certain machine gun emplacement which he had just taken over, and described as the finest and most artful that had ever been designed. In fact he said, with some truth, too, that it had not been designed at all, it had been born.

The facts were probably these. Eighteen months before some long forgotten platoons of the immortal troops who fought the Germans to a standstill at that spot, had flung themselves down in the dark and dug a trench of sorts. That was then and is now the Allied front line. It is improved beyond recognition, a really comfortable bit of front line trench, but it has, of course, the pecularities of the original line of weary men in that it waves about, avoids bad spots, and here and there steps back sharply where there was a junction between two platoons who had failed to keep in line. It was one of these little back steps that our friend was gushing over.

"She fires south and south-east," he explained, drawing diagrams on the back of a map, "and you can't see the loophole a hundred yards away in sunlight even if you know where it is. One of our fellows sat in a shell hole in front of the Hun wire all to-day and came in at dark, and he says she'll do. And he knows, mind you; he's had three M.G.s knocked out with whizbangs and he knows."

Now, the line there ran north and south, and M.G.s enthusiasm was justified, for a really concealed machine gun that fires down the line is a terror. If it fires to the front it passes through perhaps three lines of men, but on a flank it has the whole line as target with deadly effect. So they promised to come and see it some day, and the machine gun man got up.

"Go along the K's and L's," he explained confidentially, "and ask for the Fox-Hole. That's what they call it. I don't know why, but you know how these names stick, and you fellows," he added to the gunners, also getting ready to go, "don't be so blamed slow at retaliation next time we S.O.S. That business last month was a disgrace."

"Right, oh!" they laughed, "but don't get anything stirring up before Sunday. When we get started something is liable to fetch loose, and we are not ready for that." Then they went, and their hosts turned in for the night.

Next day was spent receiving orders, organising R.E. sections for the night, dancing attendance on "Brigade" who wanted to know everything at once, and incidentally watching those two thousand sandbags filled and laid across the front of the farm. It might be true that the line was quiet hereabouts, but Billie knew the gunners of his division, and was preparing for trouble. Every now and then a gun from the batteries on either side "popped off," waited in silence for a while, and fired again. They were registering on various sore points.

A Worrying Position.

Night came and found Billie, Carstairs, and two sections in a bog behind the front line trying to believe that the ragged canal at their feet was the "half-finished trench" which had been handed over for completion by the outgoing field company.

Then a villainous rainstorm swept across the country, and just as it ended the Hun started shelling the front line.

Now, one of the difficult problems presented to any R.E. officer in charge of sappers, who are highly skilled and consequently highly paid men, is just how far it is wise to risk their lives. Of course in cases when certain work has to be done no one hesitates, but in cases such as this, where there was no desperate hurry and another night to-morrow, any junior officer sacrificing valuable men by staying on a spot where in any case no satisfactory work could be done, was running grave risks of censure. So Billie was rather worried. Finally he decided to stop work and order the section to ground, and it was while he was patrolling in the dark, picking his way amongst the legs of the men, chaffing anyone inclined to grouse at having to lie in water, and watching the shells burst here and there on the front line, that he saw someone standing up in the dark.

"Who's that?" he cried. "Get down on to the ground," and Hoyle's voice, with a suspicion of a laugh, said, "Evening, Impett, how are you going on?"

Billie, of course, said everything was all right, and after a walk up and down the work Hoyle said, "There's been a machine gun emplacement rather badly hit just along by the wood; I think you know about it. They call it the Fox-Hole."

Billie remembered the M.G. enthusiast and said that he knew the place by name.

"There's quite a strafe on," Hoyle added, "and the infantry have the order to 'stand to.' I think you had better let the sections go back to billet and come along with me."

So Nos. 3 and 4 Sections melted into the dark under Carstairs and Sergeant Armstrong, while Hoyle and Billie went into the front line trench.

"The question is really," Hoyle said after a hundred yards, "whether it is any use repairing it."

Billie said nothing till they pulled up on a heap of earth, sandbags, and corrugated iron half filling the trench. "Is this the place?" he asked, and Hoyle said, "Just a few yards on. Now here it is. Use your wits, and say what you would do."

A Brainy Idea.

Billie took a good look at the machine gun emplacement, which was just a timbered excavation in the parapet, and said he didn't think it had suffered much. Hoyle sat in silence for a minute; he was rather disappointed.

Then the machine gun officer turned and said, "Well, what do you make of it? Can it be mended?" and Hoyle said, "Come over the top and I'll show you the real trouble."

So the three climbed out and picked their way into No Man's Land till Hoyle turned round and said, "Wait for a light and just look at the thing."

Then a "Very" light, which is a species of sustained firework, burst gloriously over their heads, and Billie saw the British front line, a dark bank running north and south, and saw also a strange lump which he could not christen.

"That's your M.G. emplacement," Hoyle said to the infantry officer. "The breastwork has fallen on each side of it under shell fire, but the timber supports have kept your fox-hole up to its old height. Now, listen, Impett, you said the fox-hole wasn't much damaged. No, it isn't, but we can't patch up the breastwork on each side of it by morning, and as soon as dawn breaks the Huns will spot that lump, and when the usual 'hate' starts he will knock it to bits."

M.G. said, "And that's a fact, too," while Billie, who had always felt a sort of superiority over men other than R.E., and had been at all times prepared to give them advice, revived an almost forgotten thought, "that you could not make a sapper officer out of a civil engineer in six months."

"So you think it is a wash-out?" said M.G.

"I think," Hoyle answered, "that if the Hun did not know it was an emplacement before he will know it to-morrow. You can build it up every night, and we will help you, but he will knock it down every day. You are the authority, and if you want us we are available, but I believe you had better give it up, at anyrate, for a while.

M.G. did not answer, but strolled away in thought, and the two R.E.s followed him back into the line, where they fetched up in a dug-out owned by a subaltern of a trench mortar battery, and had some tea. There was a "trench" map pinned on to the wall, and while M.G. and Billie were talking about the rebellion in Dublin, Hoyle studied it intently, and after a matter of ten minutes laughed a little so that the others turned their heads.

"What's the matter with this?" he said, pointing to another small salient about a hundred yards south of the fox-hole. M.G. looked at it, saw it was not as good, and said so. "Of course it isn't," Hoyle answered, "nothing could be, but don't you see? We can make a first-class emplacement at this southern spot, and you can put fellows on repairing the fox-hole every night, and let the Hun knock it down every day."

M.G. said nothing for a minute, ranging the possibilities and difficulties of the thing for mental inspection, and then hanging his helmet on a nail said, "Well, by James!"

Hoyle turned to the map again, and the trench mortar subaltern said to M.G., "Now perhaps you can see why they draw more pay!"

The Gun That Fooled the Huns.

No one said anything for some time, and then Hoyle turned round and laughed. "It's all right," he said, "there's no difficulty at all. Impett here will see to the new emplacement being built, and you will take your gun out of the fox-hole and let the old spot draw fire. You had better get permission, of course, but you know all about that."

Then they went off back to billet, and it was only by the regular nightly reports that Billie put in of progress that Hoyle was reminded of the fox-hole and its enthusiastic M.G. man.

A week or so later the Hun attacked that front line, where a brigade major happened to be smoking with his stockbroken, now a subaltern in a Scots battalion, and they went along to the M.G. emplacement where Billie had been working. Lights were up all along the front, two rockets sailed into the air for artillery support, and the fun started.

One attack is very like another—chance, momentary confusion, determination, and the automatic working of prearranged happenings, followed by some cocoa about two hours later is probably about as much as most people remember, and the Brigadier, realising that he must not interfere with the "man at the wheel," decided to stay with the machine gun and see what happened. As a rule, of course, an M.G. emplacement, especially at night when the flashes show up so plainly, is a very unhealthy spot in an attack, but on this occasion nothing came their way. Three times the Hun came across, scattered collections of dark figures flitting about in the open, and each time the Vickers-Maxim spluttered out death and destruction, then stopped. It was no good wasting ammunition. Once some of the figures got past the fire of the M.G. dashed up to the British wire, and were shot to bits by the rifles of a battalion that needs no advertisement and must be nameless.

"This is a quiet spot," the Brigadier said to M.G.. "I thought you fellows rather got it in the neck on these occasions."

"Listen down there, sir," the machine gun man said chuckling; "they are plastering my old fox-hole with everything they can lay their hands on. They started with trench mortars, and now there is a battery of field guns on it. We have closed that bit of trench and put two sentries out to stop anyone going down. Good! Look at that, they're using big stuff now. What a jest!" And all the time the Vickers-Maxim in its new house spat out south and south-east, stopped, spat again, then burst into a continuous rattle for half a minute, slowed down, and stopped for the night. It was all over.

"Now that," said M.G., as they later surveyed the ruins of the fox-hole, "is what I call craft."

THE TALE OF THE RAMSHACKLE COACH.

The manufacture of commissioned officers has been said to be difficult, but it would be truer to say that it is impossible. First class officers are born, not manufactured. If, for instance, you will take in comparison the three outstanding nations in military Europe, the German, French, and British, they will serve as examples.

The German officer is obviously manufactured, and manufactured from a particular class. He is truculent, frequently cruel, and fails in an essential, in that he totally lacks a sense of humour. Consequently he is, as a leader and inspirer of tired men, a failure. That is history.

The French, on the other hand, make excellent officers. No matter from what class they are drawn, there is a sufficient absence of snobbishness in the national character, and so full a willingness to indulge in heroics where they will serve a purpose, coupled with such absolute personal fearlessness that their men will follow them in the face of anything for as many hundred yards as fate allows them to live.

The British officer is known slightly in Britain, and very well in France, that is he is really only appreciated where opportunity is given him to "make good." He is as unheroic in France as in Britain, but because for some reason, God has endowed English-speaking people with common sense, which includes a love of compromise, and because under all circumstances he can appreciate humour, it follows that he can pick up a body of worn-out men, walk around them for a few minutes and take them just wherever his orders read. As to his bravery, all that can be said of it is commonplace, but it is probable that his most useful asset is his national sense of humour.

When Billy's Field Company left that weary spot known as "The Salient," surely the bloodiest and most heroic salient in history, they went, a mobile and independent unit, by road to the Somme. Keeping clear of the congested areas behind the line they struck much beautiful and undamaged country lying between Calais and Amiens.

Hoyle, who as captain was in charge of transport and brought up the rear, was forced at last to limit the number of "lost" dogs and cats picked up en route as pets, as he was also forced to shut his eyes to the drivers who could not pass a field of harvested lucerne without remembering a horse in poor condition. What always amused him was that the owners of the crops shut their eyes also, calling out "Beau jour, M'sieur," with a broad smile as the tool carts came past and the following teams reached out for an almost forgotten feed of greenstuff.

"The "Stickers" had once distinguished themselves by putting in three solid days of a hard-earned rest helping three overworked old women to lift their potato crop, so that everyone in the company felt a freemasonry with agriculture that stood them in good stead amongst strangers.

Just after they had crossed under the railway line that touches St Omer, an orderly saluted Hoyle and said that the Major wished to see him at the head of the column, so Hoyle trotted up.

"Bear to the left, sir," he said, undoing his map case. "Our village is about a mile further on."

"Any reason why the men should not use the estaminet here, Hoyle?" asked the Major.

"I don't think so, sir," Hoyle answered. "They've had a long march, and many of them are teetotal."

The Major laughed. "It wasn't the teetotalers I was thinking of," he said, "and the company was paid yesterday."

"Leave it to me, sir," Hoyle said. He knew the Major's peculiarities, one of which was a violent dislike of even occasional indulgence, whereas Hoyle always took the view that any particular man might be dead to-morrow, and that a little liberty if carefully shepherded, and while on rest or trekking, did no harm.

This was at noon, and after the men had been billeted, transport parked, and horses picketed and fed, Hoyle said, "Do you mind if Impett and I ride into St Omer, sir?"

"Not a bit," the Major answered. "Don't be late back. If the men are to have the run of the estaminet I think I would rather you were home early."

The Village Relic.

Hoyle promised, picked up Billie Impett, and turned back to the town. Just before they cleared the village Billie pulled up his horse and said, "Well, I'm blessed! Look there, sir," and Hoyle turning in his saddle saw an old, old coach on suspended springs, waiting apparently for dissolution, by the side of the road, with a label on it marked fifty francs.

Then they saw also that the background of the relic was the village estaminet; and before they could move, the landlord, who was also the Mayor, came out with raised hat to tell them its history. Billie, who thought so much for so little money must be a veritable bargain, looked like a woman before a hat shop, and the landlord in the pause brought out two glasses of benedictine as a gift. Hoyle had to explain that, till peace was declared, it was impossible to buy anything, however much they longed to do so, but that when the war was over, why then if the coach were still unsold, &c., &c., and with all the polite salutations of that very polite country, they went on their way to St Omer.

What happened there was unev... usual shopping and afternoon te... more in a civilised restaurant, ... said it was time to be off, and ... o'clock the orderly came round ... horses, and they trotted slowly ...

As they came up to the estam... said, "Why, it's gone!"

Hoyle looked up, missed the ... and at the same time caught the ... revelry further on. "D—— ... said, "there's going to be a row ... turn out the guard. Impett, if ... already out, see the Sergeant Ma... report to me outside the Major's ... soon as you know what's happ... just slip in and see the old man ...

The Major was in one of his ... pers.

"Just what I expected," he s... day yesterday, and the estami... This has been going on since four ...

Hoyle frowned in astonishment ... so early, did it, sir? That's quee... men could not have got there mu... three. Have you seen them, sir?"

"Certainly not," the Major said ... see them in the orderly-room to-m...

Hoyle said, "Yes, sir," and slipped ... to meet Impett, who was sitting on a barrow in the farmyard, grinning ...

Doing Things "In State"

"They've got the coach, sir," he ... as Hoyle came out, "and they're having ... in it. They're all right, sir, really ... very noisy. The guard is turned out and the Sergeant-Major is with the visiting party."

"What! and all that row going on? It must be bad if he can't stop them. Who is it?"

"Smith, J. W., sir, Ryder, ... and Mason." Hoyle stopped and stared. "Why, they are the last men in the world," he said. "Smith and Mason are teetotalers I know."

"So are the others, sir," Billie said laughing. "That's where the fun comes in."

At the south end of the village there was a little common devoted to geese and children, and in the middle, as they turned the last corner, Captain Hoyle and Second-Lieutenant W. Impett saw the fifty franc coach and stopped to straighten their faces before getting to close quarters.

"What's this, Sergeant-Major?" Hoyle asked as severely as possible. "Do you pretend to have any control of these men, or are you in the game as well?"

The Sergeant-Major flushed. "Shall I bring the guard, sir?" he asked.

Hoyle said, "No, I thought you could handle trouble better than that," then walking across to the coach he opened the door and was handed a penny by Sapper Mason, with a demand for a ticket to Bootle.

Hoyle wisely closed the door again and looked round. All four delinquents were seated in the coach singing, and the rest of the company stood at a little distance, the personification of silent glee.

"Anyone else drunk besides these four, Sergeant-Major?"

"No, sir, not one."

"Who brought the coach here?"

"The company, sir."

"They couldn't all bring it. Who brought the coach here, and where were these four men?"

"The four men, sir, were inside the coach. I did not take the names and numbers of the men who propelled the coach, sir, as I was not here at the time."

Hoyle saw that he was going to learn nothing there, and waited a minute to think the thing out.

"Where are these four billeted, Sergeant-Major?" he asked with just a trace of a smile.

"Last house on the right, sir," the Sergeant-Major answered, handing Hoyle a box of matches.

Hoyle said "Thanks. Don't you think it's time they went home?"

"Just about, sir," the other answered. "Shall I see to it, sir, or will you?"

How It Was Smoothed Over

Hoyle compromised. "Just take this thing on, please, Mr Impett. The four gentlemen in the antiquated transport have expressed a desire to go to Bootle. The Sergeant-Major will show you just where it is."

Then Hoyle, hoping desperately that he had taken the right line, stood off a little and watched the Field Company under the combined orders of Billie, the Sergeant-Major, and their own inherent love of fun, draw in dead silence that ramshackle old vehicle back down the village street and halt at the last house.

A lance-corporal opened the door of the coach and yelled, "Bootle, all change!" in a tone of railway authority, and Hoyle watched the four sinners piloted into their billet sublimely ignorant of the fact that eight sappers were supporting, and attempting to conceal, their failing steps.

. . . . . .

Next morning at breakfast Hoyle and the Major, who had been each waiting for the other to begin, talked the thing over.

"It was this way, sir," Hoyle said. "Those four men are teetotalers and don't drink beer or spirits. It turns out, however, that they spent the best part of an hour drinking benedictine out of tumblers, and it rather upset them. It appears that someone told them benedictine was a kind of French ginger pop. You know their record, sir, all first class men," and the Major said kindly, "All right, Hoyle. I'll leave it to you."

NEXT WEEK

Further unique stories of the adventures of Billie Impett and his orderly.

"BLACKLISTING" ENEMY ALIENS.

NOVEL METHOD OF EXPOSING HUNS.

SCOTSMAN'S LETTER FROM AMERICA.

We are indebted this week to a reader of "The Post Sunday Special" in New York for an interesting letter which reveals the business-like methods adopted in America for securing the co-operation of the public in rounding up enemy aliens. The authorities have combined with the press in giving publicity to the full names and addresses of German residents, and so successful has this system proved that it is to be followed by the publication of the names and addresses of Austrians.

We have investigated the case of a German-born hairdresser carrying on business in Broxburn, who states that at fourteen years of age he was smuggled out of Germany because his father said he would never have a son of his in the German Army. He differs from some of the other Germans we have interviewed in so far as he emphatically declares that he has no love for the Fatherland.

We also publish this week an interview with a minister at Camelon, whose recent utterances of a pacifist order have not only created public resentment but resulted in office-bearers and members of the congregation leaving his church.

We have to thank our readers for their continued co-operation, and shall be glad to have information relating to anti-British activities in whatever guise they may present themselves, and also copies of pacifist or pro-German leaflets.

To the Editor of "The Post Sunday Special."

Sir,—As a Scotsman in America who has followed with much interest and appreciation the exposures in "The Post Sunday Special" of enemy influences at work in my native land, I enclose copies of the New York Herald to show how America is dealing with enemy aliens in our midst.

If there is one thing the Americans believe in it is publicity, and day by day to the extent of two closely-set pages in small type there is being published the full list of names and addresses of German residents. So useful have these lists been found in aiding the work of the detective bureaus that steps are now to be taken to publish similar lists in all centres of population throughout the States. The reason for this is that it has been discovered that many German secret agents have fled to other cities, where they are conducting their insidious campaigns of German propaganda.

The German lists are to be followed by the publication of a complete roster of all subjects of Austria-Hungary.

The lists are compiled from the official State military census records, and are therefore authoritative.

"A Great and Patriotic Work."

In this "great and patriotic work," as Theodore Roosevelt has described it, the Federal authorities and the press and, through the press, the public are working in hearty co-operation. Why should not this example be followed in Great Britain?

Apart from disclosing nests of German secret agents, paid and voluntary, who have been posing as loyal citizens or friendly aliens, the lists reveal the names of men who are naturalised American citizens. At the time of the State military census they described themselves as subjects of Germany, thereby hoping to avoid compulsory military service in the ranks of the American army. These men, whose allegiance to the Kaiser was not seriously interrupted by the American naturalisation process, says the Herald, will soon be performing military service against the Kaiser—or they will be at hard work in prisons.

None Can Be Omitted.

The name of no subject of Germany or Austria is omitted from the lists, but, of course, the lists contain the names of those natives of those countries who are good Americans in spirit, if not accepted as the full bond of citizenship.

Among them are the Alsatians, who have been aiding the Allies in every possible way, and in the Austrian list are the names of those Italian residents of the Trentino who fled after the Austrian occupation. They are Italian in blood and spirit, but in the State census it was necessary to record them as natives of Austrian territory.

Another important step taken by the authorities in regard to enemy aliens is one in regard to naturalisation. The Federal Courts in New York city, Chicago, and other places have held recently that final citizenship papers could not be issued even to persons who had applied for them before April 6, when war was declared.

"It has been the stand of those Courts," said C. O. C. Cowley, Chief Federal Naturalisation Examiner at New York, "that the German ideals of the applicants for final papers are the very antithesis of American ideals, and that it would be unwise to accept such persons into our brotherhood at this time. The same condition concerning the natives of Austria now arises."

I pass on these facts, feeling sure that they will be interesting to my fellow-countrymen as showing the whole-hearted and business-like way in which the Americans are setting their house in order.—I am, &c.,

NEW YORK SCOT.

CIRCULATING SEDITIOUS PAMPHLETS.

MISSIONARY SENT TO PRISON.

Sentence of four months' imprisonment in the second division has been passed in Manchester on George E. Walter Sinener, described as a missionary, formerly at Devonport and now of Manchester, for publishing seditious literature. He had sent pamphlets to soldiers' rest camps, giving extracts from the Bible, apparently to convey the impression that it was not worth while to waste millions of lives for so-called patriotism.

GERMAN-BORN BARBER IN BROXBURN

DECLARES HE HAS NO LOVE FOR FATHERLAND

There is in Broxburn at the present time a German-born hairdresser carrying on business in the main street under the name of E. Stafford. His real name is Emil Stoffler, and he is 45 years of age. Shortly after the outbreak of war he was interned, but he was released after ten days' confinement.

A representative of "The Post Sunday Special" (which has received several letters concerning the presence of Stafford in Broxburn) called upon him at his shop, which, if only a modest establishment, is in a good position in Broxburn. Stafford is a man of rather small stature, his hair is brushed back in Continental fashion, and he speaks good English.

When it was explained that several letters had been received concerning him Stafford immediately said, "Yes; I suppose there is gossip going about," adding that he was quite willing to answer any questions.

"Where were you born?" asked our representative. "In Wittenburg in 1872," was the answer.

"Were your parents of German nationality?" "My father was a Swiss and my mother was French. She was born in Alsace-Lorraine. They went to Wittenburg shortly after the Franco-Prussian war. My father was an iron moulder, and he went to Germany owing to the boom in trade."

"How long were you in Germany?" "I was only fourteen years of age when my aunt, who was French, smuggled me out and took me to London. My parents remained in Germany, but my father said he would never have a son of his in the German Army, and that was the reason why I was taken away."

Why He Changed His Name.

"Is your name Stafford?" "No; my name is Emil Stoffler."

"Why did you change it?" "Well, I went to Ayr in the first place, and assisted an uncle, who was a Frenchman, and whose name was Ansell, in a hairdresser's shop. He afterwards went to Glasgow, and for two years had a shop at 3 Dumbarton Road, but it did not turn out to be a successful business. I went out to seek employment, and it was then that I decided to register as Emil Stafford. I changed my name because it was difficult to pronounce Stoffler."

"When did you come to Broxburn?" "It was at this time, when I changed my name, about 24 years ago. I became an assistant in a hairdresser's shop here."

"What made you come here to Broxburn?" "Oh, well, I just heard of a job here. When my old employer gave up business I started for myself, across the way first, and then I came to this shop. I married twelve years ago. My wife belongs to Broxburn. I have three children."

"Have you been naturalised?" "No: that is where I have made the mistake."

"You were interned?" "Yes, for ten days at Redford and at York."

"How came it that you were released?" "Well, two gentlemen here spoke for me. When I was interned the German prisoners thought I was a spy, because I have forgotten the German language and could not talk with them."

"When were you in Germany last?" "I have never been back to Germany."

"Have you had any communication with your people lately?" "My people died shortly after I left. I never wrote them at all. I have no relatives. I had a sister who came away at the same time as I came. She was a nurse or governess, and afterwards went to Paris."

"Have you any relatives in the German Army?" "No; I have not."

"What are your sympathies?" "Oh, against Germany. If I could do anything I would be only too pleased."

"Have you had German agents visiting you here?" "I never had any Germans at all."

"No travellers?" "No. When anybody with a foreign accent came here I always gave them the cold shoulder."

As our representative was leaving the premises Stafford emphasised his statement that he had no love for the Fatherland.

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!

On Christmas morning "The Post Sunday Special" was the recipient of Pacifist greetings in the form of a letter, obviously written in a disguised hand, and signed by "A Member of the D.O. Society. "D.O." probably signifies Devil's Own, quite an appropriate title considering the fiery nature of this member's epistle. We reproduce below a portion of the letter.

You & your merry crowd of readers are rotters. Our Society is with Dr Pino and all other pacifists.
We are a large society and could crush you and all the rotten patriots. Your destination after death is sure — hell. Wave the banners high for the pacifists

"THE RED CROSS CHAIN."

HOW ITALIAN SOLDIERS WERE DECEIVED.

To the Editor of The Post Sunday Special.

Sir,—I read the "Red Cross Chain" postcard in your paper on Sunday last. Unfortunately I cannot identify the writing, but I thought the following information might interest you.

The custom of sending prayers to be in turn passed on is German, Austrian, and Hungarian; I don't know about Russia. I cannot tell you the origin of the custom, but I have lived many years in Hungary, where I received a few dozen at least. A friend has just informed me that this pernicious custom is known in Scotland too, though here it is three days instead of nine.

I am convinced that the card in your paper has been written by an enemy. Germany's visible army has failed to gain what it set out for, and her reserve army, her secret one, is now being put into the field in full force. After all, this secret army is the more redoubtable.

Undermining the morale of a nation is the means of abolishing her military force, discouraging and annihilating her soldiers. In Italy the Germans, seeing that their leaflet propaganda among the soldiers had no effect, stooped to the diabolical expedient of printing false (though exact in style and paper) copies of the Giornale d'Italia and the Corriere della Sera. The soldiers on the Alpine heights, deprived of all communication with the interior of their country, read in these newspapers, dropped from aeroplanes that Italy was in the hands of the French and British, of a revolutionary movement in Sicily, of civil war in Naples, of a general rising of the peasants, and that everywhere British infantry, the instrument of inexorable repression, molested the women and children, while French cavalry charged the crowds.

No wonder the Germans met with temporary success. Their battle was fought and won before a single blow was struck.

It is time the Germans, naturalised or not, and even pro-Germans of British nationality were put under lock and key out of harm's way.—I am, &c., M. WILLIAMS.

Shawlands.

From many parts of the country we have received letters relating to the ramifications of this "peace-at-any-price" postcard. In most cases the recipients made an end of the postcard by throwing it in the fire.

PINO'S PAMPHLET

REFUSED BY I.B.S.A. ELDERS.

George D. Pino, the Mexican practising as a doctor in Govan, whose pamphlet, "The Day of Judgment," was exposed last week, claimed to belong to the International Bible Students' Association.

A "Post" representative had an interview with Mr Alfred Johnston, the Glasgow secretary of this body, and obtained some further light on Dr Pino's pamphleteering activities.

Mr Johnston is a member of the firm of A. Hope, Jr., & Co., Ltd., The Anchor Chemical Works, Garngad Road, Provenmill, and resides at Ploverfield, Buchanan Drive, Rutherglen.

"Dr Pino claims to be connected with the International Bible Students' Association. Are you acquainted with him?"

"No," replied Mr Johnston; "I do not know the gentleman personally, but I have heard about him. He apparently became connected with the Association a few years ago, and recently became very enthusiastic, and seemingly devoted considerable attention to writing pamphlets. A little while ago, on account of transport difficulties and the shortage of labour, we had trouble in getting our usual supply of literature, which, I may say, comes chiefly from America. Dr Pino at that time offered us a pamphlet which he had written for publication. Our elders considered the offer, but it was declined on account of the pamphlet not being in conformity with Pastor Russell's teachings."

"Was that the 'Day of Judgment' pamphlet?"

"That I do not know," answered Mr Johnston. "I did not see the pamphlet, but I understand that he has since issued it on his own responsibility. Our Church has no responsibility for any pamphlets of that kind that may be issued by independent persons."

"What exactly is the attitude of your Church towards the war."

"We believe that this war was inevitable, but we cannot take sides."

"Am I to understand from that that you want peace now?"

"No. Not the peace that the pacifists are crying out for; that is an instant peace. That would not bring about the Millennial Dawn. The war must go on because the peoples of the earth are not ready for peace."

"But what is the attitude of your people who are of military age?"

"As individuals they feel they cannot go and fight. They could not use carnal weapons."

"What has happened in Glasgow in regard to your young men?"

"At the present time I believe that twenty of our young men from this city are in Wormwood Scrubbs or other prisons because of their conscientious objections. Three that I know of have joined non-combatant corps."

"You are an international body, with branches or churches in Germany and enemy countries. How do your German members stand in regard to military duty? Are they fighting?"

"I suppose they will be fighting," Mr Johnston admitted, "because at the outbreak of war they were in the German Army. Germany had conscription at that time."

"But this country has conscription now?"

"Oh, yes: but it has only just been introduced, and it is altogether different from Germany."

FALKIRK CHURCH SENSATION.

CONGREGATION ASKED TO SING AUSTRIAN ANTHEM.

Minister Helps "Conchies."

Thanks to the vigilance of several Falkirk readers, attention has been drawn to the activities of the Rev. John M. Munro, M.A., Trinity U.F. Church, Camelon, a young and ardent pacifist.

Not content with "deaving" his own congregation with his peculiar theories, Mr Munro does not hesitate to air them in other pulpits.

On a recent Sunday when Mr Munro was officiating in Graham's Road U.F. Church, Falkirk, a lively scene ensued consequent on some remarks of the preacher Mr Munro was giving an address to the children on "Slavery," and, commenting on the American Civil War, he said that Britain and America had long winked at the slave trade, and that if ever there was a war worth fighting it was the war to free the slaves, yet that war could quite easily have been avoided.

"What about the slaves in Germany? You're a pro-German," interrupted Mr Thomas Robertson, a leading office-bearer of the Graham's Road congregation, and, rising from his seat in the gallery, Mr Robertson, accompanied by his wife and child, walked out of the church. The incident created quite a sensation.

Large numbers of the congregation strongly disapproved of the tone of Mr Munro's whole address. At a subsequent meeting of the Graham's Road Kirk Session the incident was discussed, and as a consequence it is scarcely likely that Mr Munro will be given another opportunity to air his pacifism in this particular pulpit.

Asked to Sing Austrian National Anthem.

In Mr Munro's own church at Camelon there have been somewhat similar scenes. On one occasion Mr Munro asked his congregation to sing the Austrian National Anthem—No. 461 in the Church Hymnary—prefacing the announcement by a quotation from a speech attributed to Dr Henderson, of Crieff, to the effect that those people who could not sing a hymn such as this were bigots. This remark, combined with the fact that in the Hymnary No. 461 is described as "The Austrian Hymn," caused considerable feeling and indignation, with the result that several office-bearers and members rose from their seats and walked out. Mr Munro, however, as will be observed from the interview which follows, has his own version of this incident. But as a sequel to it, and as a natural consequence of Mr Munro's attitude, a number of office-bearers, including the session clerk, have left the church.

Mr Munro, had he not been a minister, would have ere now appeared before a Tribunal as a conscientious objector; and to the "conchies" of Falkirk (they are not numerous down there) he has been as a very brother. At the Local Tribunal, however, his activities as an unofficial adviser to the "C.O.s" were promptly nipped in the bud by Provost Bogle, the chairman.

When the question of the enlistment of ministers was being discussed by the various Presbyteries prior to the passing of the Military Service Acts, Mr Munro dissented to a motion of his brethren in the Linlithgow and Falkirk U.F. Presbytery approving of the enlistment of ministers. "I cannot see," he said, "why I as a Christian should have to go out and fight!" On that occasion Mr Munro was in a minority of one.

What Mr Munro Had to Say.

To ascertain from Mr Munro's own lips his point of view, a "Post" representative called upon him at his residence in Cochrane Street, Falkirk.

Mr Munro is a slim, pale-featured man of about 35, with a small black moustache, and of a quiet, reserved demeanour.

Interrogated about the incident in Graham's Road U.F. Church, when a member of the congregation took exception to his remarks and shouted, "You are a pro-German," Mr Munro replied—"You will find that incident reported in the local press."

"It is also said that you had the Austrian National Anthem played in your own church? Don't you think that at this time, when so many members of your congregation have relatives fighting at the front, it was tactless to announce this hymn?"

"There is a simple explanation for this incident. This hymn was sung at the opening of our church, and as it was the anniversary on this particular Sunday the hymn was given out as appropriate to the occasion."

Questioned as to his attitude towards the war, Mr Munro replied—"I would not have offered active resistance, believing that all war is wrong."

OUR £500 REWARD.

As already announced, "The Post Sunday Special" offers £500 reward for definite information that will lead to the conviction in a Court of Justice of any person or persons acting as paid agents of any enemy Power, and as such engaged in any illegal act or conspiracy in this country against the interests of the realm. All information must be communicated confidentially in the first instance to the Editor of "The Post Sunday Special." The Reward will be paid immediately the first conviction is secured under the conditions described. The Editor reserves to himself the right of determining any point arising in connection with the Reward, and all information must be communicated on the understanding that his decision will be final. No Government, secret service, or police official is eligible for this Reward.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

ANOTHER "REGRETTABLE INCIDENT."

MR LLOYD GEORGE AND WAR AIMS.

(Over "Post" Special Wire.)

London, Saturday Night.

RUMOURS which have been circulating in London for some days past of another regrettable incident at sea are now confirmed by the announcement sent out by the Admiralty that three of our destroyers have been mined or destroyed off the Dutch coast.

The vessels appear to have been lost a week ago, and people are remarking that the Admiralty would presumably be in possession of the news before the official intimation sent out on Boxing Night that Sir John Jellicoe had been superseded as First Sea Lord.

Why the authorities in Whitehall should have deemed it necessary to hold up the news for so many days is not apparent, but it would be a mistake to attribute Admiral Jellicoe's retirement to this particular cause. No doubt the series of convoy and other mishaps that have occurred have had a certain cumulative effect on the minds of the members of the War Cabinet, but there is a general feeling that the appointment of Sir Rosslyn Wemyss to the supreme command at the Admiralty is due to other causes than this.

Changes of policy of a rather far-reaching character are expected, and it was felt desirable that they should be placed in charge of a man who has entire sympathy with the plans which are in contemplation.

The Premier and Peace.

Mr Lloyd George appears to have ruffled the feelings of the Labour delegation by the outspoken manner in which he talked to them at the interview following the conference on Friday. He made it clear to them that the Government would not tolerate a pacifist engineered intrigue to save Germany from the consequences of the responsibility for the present war.

On one vital point he reassured his visitors. The Allies are quite ready to state their war aims in even more definite terms than they have yet done, but they will state them at the time and in the place which seems most fitting to them. There has been in the last few days an interchange of views between representatives of the Allies on this subject, and complete agreement has been reached.

The Government are well aware that Germany is striving hard to turn the negotiations with the Leninites into a general peace conference, and Mr Lloyd George certainly gave the deputation the impression that there had been overtures through the Russian Revolutionaries, which disclosed a desire on the part of the Central Powers to conclude an early peace on the best terms that could be obtained.

The only question not clear is how far Germany is willing to go to obtain peace. The Government may have their own views on that subject, but they have no satisfactory information on which they can act. There are members of the Labour Party, who profess to have information through German Socialist channels, suggesting that Germany is readier for a peace acceptable to the Allies than is generally believed. If that be so the Allies are hardly likely to refuse to negotiate.

Wire-Pullers and Pacifists.

The almost unanimous vote of the special Labour Conference in favour of the statement of war aims, drafted by a committee of the party on which the pacifists were over-represented, has come as a big surprise to the rank and file.

The decision is purely a caucus organised one. The rank and file were never really consulted, and the whole thing was fixed up in advance by the wire-pullers.

French trade union leaders are likely to take exception to the proviso that the fate of Alsace Lorraine is to be determined by the present occupants of that district, and there is sure to be an exchange of views between French and British trade unionists on the subject.

The proposal to neutralise the African Colonial possessions of Germany and other Powers is traceable to Mr Ramsay MacDonald, who has always been suspected of favouring a scheme of this kind.

One effect of the decision will be to reopen the demand for passports to Stockholm or elsewhere to discuss terms with the Internationalist Socialist leaders, but there is good reason for stating that the Government does not propose to depart from its attitude on this question. No license to discuss peace terms with enemy subjects will be issued to private individuals, however influential the interests they profess to speak for.

The Tariff Question.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh's Commission of Inquiry into the problems of trade after the war has now completed the most important part of its work, and its first report has been submitted to the War Cabinet. It will most probably be published in the course of a few days.

It is likely to excite controversy by reason of its declaration in favour of tariffs on manufactured articles. The Commission accepts the idea of State encouragement of foundational industries, in order to make this country independent of outside sources for raw materials or partly manufactured articles necessary to vital industries. The question of arrangements with Allied countries is left open.

Another question on which the Committee expresses an opinion is that of foreign competition in relation to low wages, and it is proposed that, where it can be shown that foreign competition is keeping down wages in important industries necessary to national or Imperial efficiency, the import of such goods should be prohibited.

WHY WAS JELLICOE SUPERSEDED?

INTERNAL CONDITIONS IN GERMANY BAD BEYOND BELIEF.

By MAURICE PRENDERGAST.

London, Saturday Night.

THE sudden termination of Sir John Jellicoe's regime at the Admiralty came as a great surprise to everyone, the present writer not excepted. The only warning we had of this unexpected change was the intimation that Sir Eric Geddes had visited H.M. the King on Christmas Day at Sandringham. Although this was a warning that something untoward had occurred, it was equally possible that this visit was more or less a matter of routine duty.

As for reasons, there are no facts available, but a multitude of rumours. The wording of the announcement is in itself significant, because it departs from the customary form. We are not told that Admiral Sir John Jellicoe has tendered his resignation as First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff, and that the same has been accepted. Such was the course taken by Lord Fisher when he found that he could not continue to serve under Mr Winston Churchill. Had there been a like difference of opinion between Sir Eric Geddes and Sir John Jellicoe it is probable that Lord Fisher's example would have been followed by the late First Sea Lord offering his resignation. But, in the present case, we are plainly and flatly told that Vice-Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss has been appointed in succession to Sir John Jellicoe. There is no mention made of any resignations.

Another point is that no remark is made in the official announcement regarding Sir John Jellicoe's vacation of his post as Chief of the Naval Staff. Only the office of First Sea Lord is mentioned. However, under the new Admiralty organisation the First Sea Lord is "ipso facto" the Chief of the Naval Staff, and by relinquishing one post he also surrenders the other.

Mr Sherlock Holmes has observed that "there are fifty persons who can reason synthetically for every one that can reason analytically." In other words, if you describe a chain of events to most people, they can predict what the result of those events will be. On the other hand, there are very few people who, if told merely of a result, can reason backwards, and indicate what the causes were leading up to that result. So it is in the present case. We know Sir John Jellicoe is no longer First Sea Lord, which is the final result of some preceding event or events. But no one has yet shown any ability to reason backwards, and tell us what the causative events were.

The Convoy Disasters.

The most probable reason has some connection with the two recent convoy disasters in the North Sea. It will be remembered that a Court of Inquiry was appointed by Sir David Beatty to inquire into the circumstances. Sir Eric Geddes asked that this Court should deliver its verdict as soon as possible, and no doubt the decision has been received by now. The three Grand Fleet officers constituting the tribunal may have expressed a severe censure on the Naval Staff for bad strategical dispositions and defective control of naval movements at sea. In view of this verdict Sir Eric Geddes may have found it his duty to make a change in the personality of the First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff.

This explanation fits the circumstances, but doubt exists as to whether the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, or the First Sea Lord, is responsible for convoy arrangements and protection between Scotland and Norway. Other explanations have been offered to the public, but they are so fantastic it is not worth while devoting any space to them here. Admiral Sir John Jellicoe has, of course, been attacked and most unfairly criticised during the past six months by a certain section of the press. But, since he is a man of extremely strong character, one doubts if he would surrender to such opponents. Even if he chose to do so he could have resigned on the grounds that confidence was no longer reposed in him.

But Sir John has not apparently resigned, but has—to put it plainly and frankly—been superseded. And that is just the mystery and pity of it. Many months elapsed before we heard the true reasons why Lord Fisher parted company with Mr Churchill, but I think that, when Parliament meets again, Sir Eric Geddes will give us an explanation of recent events; so we may not have so long to wait for the truth in this case. The First Lord has promised to give us a statement of recent changes in Admiralty administration, and he can hardly evade last Thursday's surprising news when dealing with the subject.

Under a Cloud.

Sir John Jellicoe's services have been well rewarded by the peerage bestowed on him by his Sovereign. The public does not and cannot know how valuable the late First Sea Lord's labours have been to this country. The only persons who can judge and appreciate the man are the officers and men of the Grand Fleet. No one will be more sorry than they that their old chief should have left the Admiralty under a cloud. During the first six months of war we had not a single fleet base on our East Coast properly protected and defended against submarines. To escape disaster, while immobile in harbour, the Grand Fleet had to be kept continually at sea until this appalling deficiency had been remedied. It was the most anxious time of the whole war for our Navy, and Sir John Jellicoe brought the fleet through the danger intact and without a single loss.

The official announcement suggests that Sir John may take up another important appointment at a later date. What the post is exactly we are left to guess at. The most likely billet would be in connection with the new Inter-Allied Naval Staff, to which Sir John may be appointed either in an advisory capacity or as a chief, co-ordinating the movements and dispositions of all the Allied Fleets. It is also suggested that he may take a command afloat, particularly as the Commander-in-Chief of the British, Italian, French, and Greek Fleets in the Mediterranean. Yet another suggestion is that he may go to the United States as the chief of a very important Naval Commission.

Vice-Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss went to Whitehall a few months ago as Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff. It is supposed that he has been acting as an "understudy" to Sir John Jellicoe, and that the change made this week is not the outcome of recent events. In other words, Sir Rosslyn Wemyss has been "in training" for some time, and his succession to the office of First Sea Lord was decided on many weeks ago. This may be so, but it does not fit in with Sir Eric Geddes' sudden visit to Sandringham.

The office of Deputy Chief of the Naval Staff has only recently been instituted, and there is accordingly no precedent that the holder should have the right to step up into the position of First Sea Lord. The choice of Sir Rosslyn Wemyss is rather surprising. Had one been told that a successor was about to be appointed to Sir John Jellicoe, the most likely and apparent choices would either have been Admiral Sir David Beatty or Admiral Sir F. C. Doveton Sturdee. But Grand Fleet commands have not been distributed in any way; in fact, the new First Sea Lord is not a "Grand Fleet man" at all. He was associated with Vice Admiral Sir J. M. de Robeck in controlling the naval side of the Gallipoli campaign, and then became Commander-in-Chief of the East Indies Squadron. From this quiet corner of the naval war he was brought to the Naval Staff of the Admiralty, and now rises to the position of First Sea Lord. Sir Rosslyn Wemyss can therefore be regarded as one of the surprises of the naval war. But in war, we are told, it is always the unexpected that happens!

When Lord Fisher was at the Admiralty certain conditions were laid down regarding qualifications for holding the post of First Sea Lord. These qualifications, so far as I can remember, stipulated that the chosen officer should have previously held certain responsible appointments. He should either have commanded one of our principal fleets at sea for a minimum period of time, or he should have been Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth or Devonport. These provisos have been dropped into the wastepaper basket, for Sir Rosslyn Wemyss has not fulfilled any of the conditions laid down by Lord Fisher. One is not sorry they have been scrapped, because they were simply red-tape obstacles, set up against the rapid rise of any young and promising officer to the top of his profession.

Too Much "Jacky."

At least we have one thing to be thankful for, and that is, no attention whatever has been paid to the pleas made by the lugubrious Mr Lambert, M.P., that Lord Fisher should go back to the Admiralty. A little Fisher goes a very long way. The Navy has had two doses of administration by "Jacky," and is asking for no more just at present. Some time ago it was stated in print that the combination of Mr M'Kenna, as First Lord, and Lord Fisher, as First Sea Lord, represented the most beatific period of Admiralty governance during the past fifty years. The Navy's opinion is that the M'Kenna-Fisher combination was about the worst naval administration we ever suffered from within the same period!

Concerning the naval events of 1918, it will be wiser to take another week's thought before attempting to don the mantle of Old Moore. But there is one thing we can be sure about for the future, and that is,

WHY WAS JELLICOE SUPERSEDED?—Continued.

more lies from the German Admiralty. Amid all the confusion and changes of warfare the mendacity of the Berlin Munchausens stands as steady as a rock. When the cosmos is convulsed thrones totter, Governments change, eggs go up another penny, and nothing seems permanent, it is a comfort to turn and regard that great establishment in the Wilhelmstrasse, steadily grinding out tarradiddles till the crack of doom. As the old Anglo-Saxon proverb runs, we may be a bit of a liar ourselves, but they are unmentionable marvels.

"Bad Beyond Belief."

From an excellent source news comes to me that the internal condition of Germany is bad beyond belief, but no word has come to us of the truth, because the German newspapers are muzzled by the most wonderful and relentless censorship in the world. Austria is even in a worse plight. It is believed that if we pile our reprisal raids, hot and strong, one on top of the other, the peace song will come to us loudly from across the Rhine. This may be so. On Mannheim we have made one bold attack from the "ceiling," and it is devoutly hoped that our stick-in-the-muds in Whitehall will pull their socks up during 1918, and give us the anti-German air raids the country is asking for. When are we going to begin?

GLASGOW CHALLENGE TO MR TREVELYAN.

"A PIECE OF GROSS IMPERTINENCE."

Mr W. H. Alexander, of W. H. Alexander & Co., 166 Buchanan Street, Glasgow, following a statement made in the House of Commons by Mr Trevelyan, M.P., wired him contradicting it, and adding:—"It is a piece of gross impertinence on your part to voice the opinion of the city, and I challenge you to produce the names of the well-known men you quote."

Mr Trevelyan's statement was as follows:—

"I regret that the Government have not given more consideration to Lord Lansdowne's letter. I happened to be in Glasgow during the week-end after it had been published, and whoever I met, important people connected with the municipality, leading business men, policemen, working men—every one of them was talking about Lord Lansdowne's letter, and nearly every one of them agreed with it."

In conversation with a "Post" representative Mr Alexander said:—"I have not yet received any reply to my telegram, but I am hardly surprised at that. At the same time I don't see why it should be left to a business man like myself to protect the fair name and fame of Glasgow. I think the Lord Provost ought to have entered an official protest on behalf of the city, while I am also very much surprised that at least one of our Glasgow members of Parliament did not rise up in the House and enter a vigorous protest against such a statement, conveying the impression that Glasgow from one end to the other endorses the opinions expressed in the Lansdowne letter, whereas opinion in Glasgow is the very reverse. I am writing to Mr J. M. Macleod, M.P., asking him to take the matter up in the House of Commons."

SEASONABLE TOASTS.

Here's tae the year that's awa',
May its like again never be seen,
And here's to a speedy, victorious peace,
May bloodshed, and strife, and enmity cease
With the dawning of Nineteen Eighteen.

Here's to Sir Douglas the bold,
And here's to his men of all ranks:
May they batter and shatter the Hindenburg line,
Blast it with shrapnel and hoist it with mine,
Then break through with cohorts o' tanks.

Here's to the Navy that waits,
The gallant ships, gaunt, grim, and grey,
And here's to our tars as lone vigil they keep,
Keen-eyed, unsleeping, patrolling the deep,
Ever alert for "The Day."

Here's to the people at home,
May the coming year show forth their grit;
Here's to the men who work long, weary spells,
Here's to the women filling the shells,
And to every one doing their bit.

Here's to the Flag that we love,
The Flag of the brave and the true;
For honour and truth it is nailed to the mast,
For honour and truth let us therefore stand fast,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

CHAS. NESS.

ANCESTRAL HOME OF NEW FIRST SEA LORD.

Sons of Fife now occupy the highest positions in our Army and Navy. Sir Douglas Haig is a native of Markinch, while Sir Rosslyn E. Wemyss, First Sea Lord, is the third son of the late Mr J. H. Erskine Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle, Fife.

LATEST COMMENTS FROM THE WORLD'S PRESS.

A Curse.

Until Germany receives a crushing humiliating military defeat, Germany will be a curse upon the earth.—Naval and Military Record.

The Getting is Good.

Italy has a lot more "unredeemed" territory now, but with good luck and the aid of her Allies she will get back all she has lost and all she has aspired to regain.—Seattle Times.

America's View.

The outcome of this war depends largely upon us. We have underwritten the world of democracy and political liberty, and if our guarantees are not redeemed we are morally bankrupt.—New York World.

A Naval Offensive.

The German people will not lose hope while their navy remains intact. It is the last prop. The new First Sea Lord should open an offensive against it, giving our aerial bombing squadrons the first call.—Dundee Courier.

Rhonddaas Haroun-al-Raschid.

If Lord Rhondda has not yet made a serious attempt to see life steadily and see it whole in the only manner proper for a Food Controller, that is, by doing the Haroun-al-Raschid stunt in tea shops, I suggest that he might well begin a course at once.—New Statesman.

A Destroying Angel.

"Oh, mummy, I should like to be an angel!" came the old, old aspiration from a dear little girl. "And why, darling?" inquired the fond mother, expecting the usual angelic answer. "'Cos then I could drop bombs on the Germans," was the unexpected human reply.—Daily Express.

A Great Admiral's Maxim.

We would commend to our working men who are beguiled by all these fine phrases about Internationalism and Leagues of Nations to remember the old saying of Oliver Cromwell's great Admiral: "Our business," said Blake, "is to keep foreigners from fooling us."—Morning Post.

A Noble Corpse.

The Lords have reduced themselves to a corpse. There is a reflex action of the spinal cord, seen in animals after the brains are out, certain movements of the limbs. A few listless speeches, a few languid divisions, a renunciation of responsibility, and the comedy is finished.—Saturday Review.

A Great Peril Averted.

A great peril has just passed over the nation, like a cloud over a landscape, and the nation knew next to nothing about it. It was not a danger of war, though the dangers of war just now are real and rousing enough. It was a danger of peace; a danger of the panic-stricken compromise with which we have often been threatened.—New Witness.

No Flinching.

If others have flinched, Great Britain has not. We in the United Kingdom, except a small and impotent minority, are solid for the war. Differences of opinion there may be about how it is to be carried on, but not about the necessity of doing so. Frightfulness only hardens our determination. If one leader fails, another is ready to take his place. There are as good fish in the sea as out of it.—Truth.

Why?

Even the highest admirals can be removed from office without causing the slightest popular ferment, whereas the recall of a Divisional Commander from the front is invariably the signal for an outcry against political tampering with the Higher Command, &c., &c.! The distinction is curious, and, needless to say, wholly unwarranted. Soldiers are no more infallible than sailors—or politicians!—Outlook.

Mannheim.

If this is the sequel, or the direct fruit, of the policy of reprisals, and of the shameful speech in which Lord Rothermere proclaimed it, let us at least have a clear avowal and a statement that this invasion of the hours devoted to the children's happiness, and to the lost spirit of Christian love, is designed, and that reasons exist for it. Its effect on Christmas-keeping Germany can be guessed; our own innocents will feel it heavily enough.—The Nation.

Bolder Tactics Wanted.

It would be affectation to pretend that the public is satisfied that the full strength of the navy has been utilised as it might be. Defensive tactics against the U boats, for example, seem far less certain to yield a positive result than a bold offensive against the U boat bases. The best way of dealing with a pest of hornets is to smoke them out of their nests, and the destruction of the enemy submarine bases in Flanders would have abated the peril to an appreciable extent.—Spectator.

No Western Offensive

If Germany has now convinced us, as I verily believe, that she can never obtain her conquests in the West or South, nor hope to wrest Neptune's trident from Britannia and America in alliance, she must look eastwards for expansion. There is no reason why she should expect, with her strategic reserves she still possesses, to be regained, thanks to the collapse of the Russian armies, by an offensive in Italy and Flanders. — Professor Gregory in Dundee Advertiser.

A KITCHENER PROPHECY COMING TRUE.

ALLIES MUST SECURE UNCHALLENGED AIR SUPREMACY.

By GUY L'ESTRANGE.

(OVER "POST" SPECIAL WIRE.)

London, Saturday Night.

On the threshold of a New Year there is a natural disposition to survey the achievements of the twelve months now drawing to a close. The hope was that in 1917 we should inflict such a decisive blow on the enemy in the main theatres of the fighting that the war would be brought within measurable sight of its end.

Unhappily, these anticipations, largely consequent on the collapse of Russia, have not been realised. Practically, since the month of July there has been a virtual cessation of fighting in the East, and, relieved of all anxiety on the Russian front, the Central Powers have been able to hold up the French and British in France, and strike a staggering blow against our Italian Ally.

In the circumstances, it is surprising perhaps that we have achieved so much rather than astonishing that we should have failed to accomplish all that we set out to do. The events which led up to the disconfiture of the Allies in Italy are of too recent occurrence to call for further review now, but taking a broad view of all that has happened in France and Flanders, it is impossible not to be struck by the startling change which has taken place in the military balance of power.

Despite the reinforcements Von Hindenburg has been able to bring back from the East, the initiative throughout the year rested entirely with the Allies, prior to the enemy's sudden descent into the Venetian plain. Everywhere the Germans were on the defensive, and even the much advertised effort to recover Bagdad has failed to mature.

Not only was Germany on the defensive, but at many points she has been slowly and decisively pressed back. Her retirement on the Somme was an admission of the tactical superiority of the Allies, and since then there has been a series of battles for commanding positions at Vimy, Messines, the Chemin des Dames, and at Ypres, all of which have gone against the enemy. The tactical advantages thus secured have been considerable as we shall speedily learn when the Allies are again in a position to assume the offensive. On the Flanders front we were within an ace of compelling Von Hindenburg to execute another retirement, which would have cleared the Germans out of Western Belgium, and would have substantially weakened the enemy's submarine campaign.

Leaving out of account what we have accomplished in Mesopotamia and in Palestine, where General Allenby has just inflicted another sharp defeat on the Turks, there are notable gains, the full fruits of which we may confidently expect to gather in the coming year. And they are gains which should steel us to resist the pessimism and depression which is so apt to descend upon us at this season of the year when winter conditions impose a temporary stalemate on most of the fighting fronts.

The Darkest Hour.

It has been observed by shrewd observers for a long time past that the present winter would be the most testing period of this terrible struggle. The late Lord Kitchener predicted that before the war ended all the belligerent nations would be drawn to the edge of the precipice. He added that it might be a matter of months, of weeks, or even of days, as to which side would topple over first.

After nearly three and a half years of war no one can doubt that the prophecy of this soldier-statesman is coming true. And we are drawing very near to the edge of the precipice.

Those who talk of an indefinite prolongation of the war, judging of its duration by earlier Continental struggles, take no account of the scale on which it is being waged.

The time must come when, from sheer exhaustion and from the using up of the nations' economic resources, one or other group of the warring Powers will have to ask for terms of peace. Already the conditions of life throughout the whole of Europe are becoming artificial in the extreme. And it is just because of this artificiality of the life of the humblest individual amongst us that the strain of the present winter, when very little will be happening in the different theatres of war, will be most severely felt.

A Braggart Enemy.

Some people even in this country have allowed themselves to be impressed by all that has appeared in enemy newspapers about a coming great offensive in France. Whether this is to take the form of another blow at Paris or another attempt to hack a way through to Calais and the Channel ports, with the purpose of assisting the submarine campaign, has never been made quite clear.

But in any case Germany's civilian population has been asked to believe that the time is coming when Von Hindenburg will wrest the initiative from Sir Douglas Haig and General Petain in France and Flanders, and, if the gods permit, obtain a military victory before American assitance becomes fully effective on the side of the Allies.

Since the prospect held out is so hopeless, one of the primary objects of this boasting must be to buoy up the German people through the time of exceptional stress through which all the Powers will soon be passing. For it is important to remember that the causes which occasion depression here at home are causes which are operating on a greatly heightened scale in Germany itself.

That Germany will, as one old military man expressed it to the writer a day or two ago, "have a smack at us" somewhere on the Western front either during the winter or early in the spring is likely enough. But the prospect is viewed with complete confidence, and in warning us beforehand of what we have to expect it is impossible to resist the suspicion that Von Hindenburg is actuated by a desire to prevent the Allied Higher Command from diverting any great number of divisions to the Italian front whilst weather conditions impose relative stagnation in the West.

The Air Raids.

Although there is relative quiet on most of the fighting fronts, the enemy continue to display a good deal of aerial activity. No opportunity is missed of raiding our shores, and of penetrating, if possible, the anti-aircraft defences of London. Our own reprisals, though on no inconsiderable scale, have not yet come up to the high expectations that are entertained. But that will come.

All the indications are that in the spring aerial fighting will prove a very conspicuous, and, it may be, a determining factor in the war. At this very moment, though there is little to show for it on the surface of things, a gigantic struggle is being waged for the future supremacy of the air. It is being fought out, not on the Western front or on the south-east coast of England, but in the factories and workshops of every belligerent State.

Germany we know is making desperate efforts to hold her own in this vital field of military enterprise. But consider the forces opposed to her! America has already announced her air programme. It is on a mammoth scale. Her incomparable industrial resources are being mobilised to the utmost to ensure that, in this particular, performance shall not fall short of the promises which have been held out. Even if Germany had no other opponent to fear in the air than America the money that is being sunk in the United States on aeroplane construction might well give the War Lords food for serious thought.

The assistance Turkey and Bulgaria is able to afford to our principal enemy in this respect is probably negligible. The main burden, therefore, must fall upon Germany and Austria. And against the resources of the Central Powers are staked the resources of America, of Britain, of France, of Japan, and, last but not least, the incomparable engineering skill of our Italian Ally.

The establishment by the Allies of an unchallenged aerial supremacy might well prove a determining factor in the war. Our flying men have been called the cavalry of the clouds, and assuredly they are the eyes of a modern army in a measure and to an extent that no scouting horseman could ever claim to be.

Wellington declared that the greatest preoccupation of a general was to discover what the enemy was doing on the other side of the hill. Given aerial supremacy this is a preoccupation no longer. The modern army that is decisively beaten in the air is blinded for the rest of the campaign

Not only are his own dispositions under continuous observation, but he can know nothing of the preparations his enemy may be making for a surprise attack on some distant sector of his front.

A handicap of this kind would have been serious even in the old days of pitched battles; it would be fatal under the conditions of trench warfare, where the fighting front is only determined by the frontier limits. Over and above all this, a decisive air suprem acy would enable us to bomb the enemy's lines of communication at will.

The movement of his reinforcements would be harried continuously, his munition dumps would be blown up, and even his munition factories would be at our mercy. And we have yet to learn how the German civilian population will stand up against raids when our airmen are let loose upon their towns.

EX-BAILIE WATSON'S POSITION

ON FOOD CONTROL COMMITTEE.

(To the Editor of "The Post Sunday Special.")

Sir,—Ex Bailie Watson has now been fined £50 for refusing to comply with the regulations set down by the Food Control Committee, of which he is a member.

Has Mr Watson to continue on this Committee? If so, all the rest of the members should resign. How can we expect other people to carry out the regulations if a member of the Committee itself refuses? We should expect the Committee to set the example.

At the last meeting of this Committee I moved that ex-Bailie Watson be asked to resign, and, further, that he be refused a license to sell beef until he complied with the regulations. I was ruled out of order by Bailie Duncan Graham. Another member proposed that we write the Town Council asking them to withdraw ex Bailie Watson from the Committee. This was also ruled out of order.

I am now writing Lord Rhondda asking if he is prepared to take action in the matter.

H. LYON,
Secy., Scottish Horse and Motormen's Association.
Glasgow, Dec. 27, 1917.

YOUNG BANDSMAN'S RECORD.

Sapper Andrew M'Farlane, Royal Engineers, who has been promoted to be band master with his regiment, is only twenty-two years of age. He is a native of the Leven Valley, and has the honour of being one of the youngest bandmasters in the army. He joined the colours four weeks after the outbreak of war, and has been some two years and nine months in France.

GLASGOW HOGMANAY WEDDINGS.

MUNITION WORKERS "BEFORE THE SHERIFF."

Glasgow, Saturday.

Hogmanay marriages in Glasgow are quite as numerous as last year. A representative of "The Post Sunday Special" made inquiries to-day at a number of registrar's offices in the city, and found that each one had waiting quartettes of wedding parties.

The first two years of the war were essentially the years for soldiers getting married. The record for all time will probably remain with 1915, which was a boom year for young fellows home on leave getting married before they went on service overseas.

The year now closing has been a munition workers' year in the marriage market. That has been markedly shown during the Christmas and New-Year period. Young fellows earning anything up to £10 a week have had plenty of time to save enough to start housekeeping for themselves.

The bridegrooms before the Sheriff comprised a boilermaker, electric craneman, iron turner, engine fitter, and several coal miners. In several instances also the brides had been employed at munitions.

The total for the year up to noon to-day was 2707, as compared with 3081 last year, and 3674 in 1915.

SUGAR AS CALF MEAL.

WHAT A BURST BAG DISCLOSED.

SWEET-TOOTHED ISLANDERS.

Dunoon, Saturday.

A curious case has been disposed of in Dunoon Sheriff Court in which George Weir, farmer, Daill, Bridgend, Islay, and Dr M'Lachlan, Ballinaby, Islay, were charged with having had each delivered to them two hunderweight of sugar which they had acquired, and which exceeded the quantity required for ordinary use and consumption. Pleas of not guilty were tendered, and evidence was led at considerable length.

The evidence of the prosecution was to the effect that two bags were consigned from a Glasgow warehouse, the proprietor of which was the father-in law of the farmer. The bags were consigned by one of Messrs M'Brayne's steamers to Islay, and were consigned as calf meal. The purser on board, however, altered the consignment note to sugar, as he found, he alleged, that it was sugar.

Evidence of the pier men at Islay was also to the effect that it was sugar, because in the case of the farmer's bag it burst, and they saw it was sugar. Regarding the doctor's bag, they put their fingers in and tasted it, and found it was sugar.

The defence denied the allegations, and a son of the consignee stated that he sent three bags—two of calf meal and one of sugar, which was damaged, and sent as salvage. He could not explain why there was only a consignment for the two bags of calf meal and not for the bag of damaged sugar. The farmer had consented to receive the damaged sugar and try and salvage it among his neighbours.

The doctor denied all knowledge of the sugar, and of having received sugar. The prosecution led up to the delivery of the sugar to a carter at the pier to take to the doctor's residence.

The Sheriff convicted, and fined Mr Weir £5 and Dr M'Lachlan £10.

DOUBLE JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

Burns Federation President Honoured.

Kilmarnock, Saturday.

This afternoon a large and representative company assembled in the Public Hall, Kilmaurs, to present a testimonial to Mr Duncan M'Naught, J.P., and Mrs M'Naught on the occasion of his jubilee as parish schoolmaster, and in commemoration of their golden wedding. Mr M'Naught is known and revered wherever a Burns Club is to be found. He was active at the inception in 1885 of the Burns Federation, of which he is now the president; for fully a quarter of a century he has acted as editor of the "Burns Chronicle," and he worked hard in the movements for the preservation of the Auld Brig o' Ayr, the establishment of a Chair of Scottish History and Literature in Glasgow University, and the restitution of the Glenriddel manuscripts. His services are to be recognised by the Federation early in January.

Mr M'Naught was born at Alexandria, in the Vale of Leven. After two years as assistant to the Kilmaurs parochial schoolmaster, he was appointed to his present position in 1867, when he was twenty-two years of age. He is the only parochial schoolmaster left in the county of Ayr, and last year there were only five still engaged in their work in Scotland. For many years Mr M'Naught was a regular contributor to the Press, and is the author of a "History of the Burgh and Parish of Kilmaurs."

IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT FOR DUNBAR MAN.

Dunbar, Saturday.

Lieutenant J. R. Anderson, British West Indies Regiment, has been promotd to the important position of captain and assistant Provost Marshal with the Egyptian Expeditionary Forces.

Captain Anderson, who is a native of Dunbar district, where he is well known, served his apprenticeship with Messrs Ferne & Williamson, solicitors, Dunbar, and afterwards for some time was inspector of weights and measures in Dumbarton.

On the outbreak of war he took a prominent part in organising the defence force in the Leeward Islands, where he held the position of assistant inspector of police.

GERMANY'S FOOD TROUBLES

CAUSE GREAT PUBLIC DISCONTENT.

THEFT OF WAGGON-LOAD OF BREAD TICKETS

(Specially Contributed.)

IT is quite evident that the approach of the New Year is regarded with great terror by the civil population of Germany.

"The population of the towns, by no means only the inhabitants of Berlin, are looking forward to the worst half of the winter with anxious care and dire foreboding," says the Berliner Tageblatt. "The food prospects are more unfavourable at the moment than they have ever been during the war. The exorbitant prices demanded for all necessary provisions have become a veritable burden to the poorer classes, and now they are faced with the danger that even their meagre ration may be regarded as uncertain. It is an open secret that the ration of fatty stuffs is to be reduced at no distant time, and also that the continuation of the bread ration is bound up with the greatest difficulties. Such unheard of conditions cause the population to wonder whether the War Food Committee is really doing its duty—to ensure the food supply of the nation by every possible means.

"Potatoes should be plentiful, but they are being hoarded by profiteers and sold as cattle fodder at exorbitant prices to the wealthy classes, while the general mass of the population is suffering hunger. Will the Food Committee be responsible for the castastrophe which must necessarily follow such organisation?"

A Document of Shame.

The Vorwaerts is particularly scathing in its criticism of the reports issued by the Cologne Food Committee. "A document of shame, the tale of a lost battle, an ignominious defeat, that is what we must call this year's report of the Neukoln and Berlin Food Committee. The State Secretary, Herr Von Waldow, is fighting for his life, and has done everything in his power to prevent the publication of this accusing document, and we hear that he even threatened the Neukoln Magistrate with punishment when he persisted.

"Everybody knows that profiteering is rampant throughout the country, but before reading this report we had no idea to what a terrible extent it had increased. Provisions should be sold at Government fixed prices, but, according to statistics published in the report, we find exactly the opposite proved. For instance, long goods trains full of provisions are secretly abstracted by the profiteer, and the goods sold at fancy prices. Now, how can a goods train be secretly abstracted under the very noses of the officials who search our own bags and baggage so carefully when we are travelling if they suspect us of hoarding foodstuffs?

"The report is a revelation. It is impossible to remedy the sins of three years in three weeks, but everything should be tried to save at least the barest necessities of life for the nation out of this disaster of Government food policy.

The People's Anger.

"There are two things which we would impress very strongly on the gentlemen who rule. Firstly, that they should bring this war to a very speedy close, so that we are not too late to reorganise our Government; and, secondly, that they should see to it that the great agrarian profiteering circle is abolished. We still remember the now famous words of the Junkers—'The German will be more satisfied with a sausage than a vote.' No, our nation knows better now, and is filled with anger and contempt for the organisation managing the nation's food supplies. We will never get satisfaction until the three-class vote is done away with."

Daring Theft of Bread Cards.

"An almost incredible theft of bread cards took place lately," says the Berliner Tageblatt. "The supply of printed bread cards for Berlin is usually sent, for safety sake, in a closed waggon, guarded by soldiers. One soldier acts as driver, and several soldiers on foot accompany him. As one of those waggons was passing a street corner an officer suddenly stepped up and ordered the soldiers to drive the food tickets to a certain street. The officer accompanied the waggon to a certain house and ordered the soldiers to unload the tickets in the courtyard, after which he sent the soldiers and waggon home. As soon as the men had left the courtyard the friends of the alleged officer fell upon the stolen cards and divided the spoils between them. The authorities managed to take possession of part of the stolen tickets, and it has turned out that the officer whose action has aroused such a storm of criticism is temporarily insane, and has been the tool of a band of unscrupulous thieves."

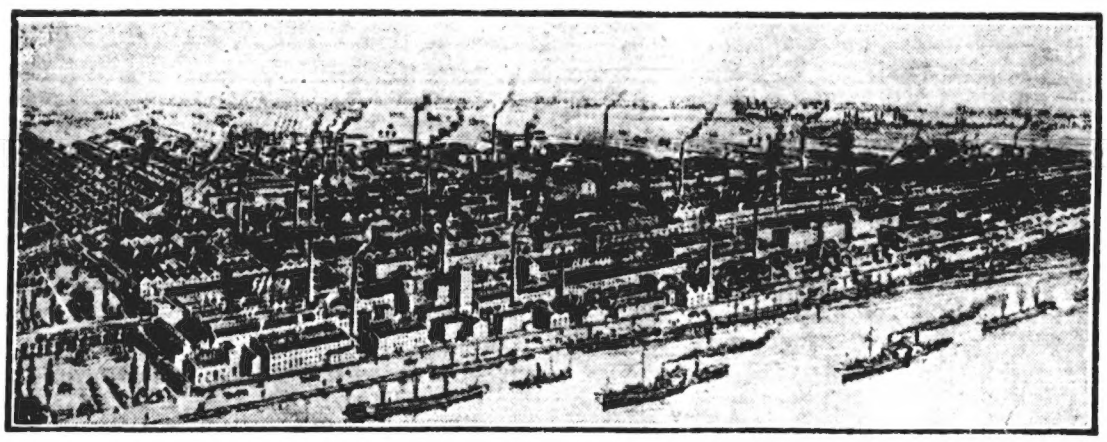
RATIONING SCHEME FOR PERTH.

Perth, Saturday.

As the result of a conference between the merchants of Perth and the Local Food Committee a food distribution scheme is to be drawn up for Perth.

Lord Provost Scott explained at the conference that the proposed scheme would mean that they in Perth would first specify the commodities, the distribution of which should be controlled. These would likely be tea, butter, margarine, cheese, and bacon. The committee would license the sellers, and, according to the retailer's ability to supply, he would be given so many registered customers. Supplies would be divided equitably among these customers. A committee representative of the merchants and Food Control Committee have been appointed to draw up a scheme.

BOMBING TOWN WHERE GERMANY'S EXPLOSIVES ARE MADE.



The Air Ministry announce that in the raid on Mannheim bombs were also thrown in Ludwigshafen. Our readers may recall that in a recent issue of "The Post Sunday Special" Mr Andrew Macdonald, a well-known Glasgow business man, pointed out that Ludwigshafen was the town to bomb, as it is the principal seat of the manufacture of explosives. Were it wiped off the face of the earth the war, so far as Germany is concerned, would come to an end.

Adam Stone's Welcome to His Lost Child.

MAN PROPOSES

By ANDREW SOUTAR

The Beginning of the Story.

James Arling, ex-bank clerk, had been the victim of a miscarriage of justice, and a woman had confessed to the affair at the bank for which he was sentenced.

Arling's aim in life, after leaving prison, is to have revenge on the men who had ruined his career. He changes his name to Adam Stone, and a few years later becomes partner in an engineering company.

The bank robbery was the joint work of Bikkerstaffe, the cashier, and two men, named Darrell and Weerd. Weerd is in prison for theft.

Stone meets Madame Poillard, a woman of extraordinary beauty She is the companion of Darrell, known to his associates as The Lynx.

Stone sets a trap to capture Darrell. One of his agents takes a room at a hotel, and lets it be known that he is in possession of valuable jewels. Darrell engages a room in the same hotel, and, by a clever ruse, evades Stone's agents, and secures the jewels. Darrell finds that the rubies are fakes, and decides that Stone has had a hand in the job.

Stone discovers his daughter Joan, whom Fate has guided to his country mansion, The Red Grange.

His Own Little Girl.

THERE was no sleep for Adam Stone that night. He wanted to hear the child talk. He wanted to look into her eyes and yet there was little doubt in his mind that this was his own little girl. It was Ruth in miniature; every feature was faithfully reproduced.

Who shall describe the emotions with which he was wracked as he knelt by the bedside and looked on the sleeping child? His little Joan! The child about whom he and his beloved Ruth had dreamed.

He recalled all those evenings when he and she sat together in the little garden at the back of their suburban house and planned the future of the child that was promised them. Nine years more had passed, and this was the first time he had been allowed to look upon flesh of his flesh.

Sobs broke in his throat as he looked down at the sleeping Joan and brought himself to realise how vain had been their dreams. This child, whose soft, gentle breathing awakened a great longing in his heart to slip his arm under her head and draw her tightly to him—this child had passed through all the dangers from which he and Ruth had hoped to defend her. She was a waif, a wanderer; she might have hungered——

He tiptoed towards the door. There, on a chair, were the child's ragged garments. Again he suffered that choking sensation. "Rags!" he muttered, and, stooping, lifted the little torn skirt. He touched it with his lips.

Outside in the corridor he found the old butler standing like a sentinel guarding the door.

"Come to the study," said Adam Stone. "I have many questions to ask."

The butler followed him down the stairs, but he could tell no more than he had already told. Of course, there was Tamarisk, the old musician; the children had told him and the cook of how they had been parted from the old man.

"There's no doubt in your mind, sir?" the butler whispered anxiously.

"None whatever," said Adam Stone, "although I pray for the dawn when she will awake. She's very beautiful."

"Ah!" said the old butler. "Wait, sir, until you have seen her eyes."

Adam Stone was silent for a moment. Then, looking into the butler's face, he said—

"No mention of this must be made outside this house."

"No, sir."

"And I don't wish the children to believe anything save that we have given them shelter for the night. . . . This man—Tamarisk—how did they describe him?"

"I envy Tamarisk," said the butler softly, and there was a world of significance in the reply.

"They didn't tell you how they came to be with him?"

"I think," said the butler, "that the little girl has been with him a long time. She calls him 'Doady.'"

Adam Stone nodded as though his thoughts were far away.

"I shall not go to bed to-night," he said presently.

The butler shook his head disapprovingly.

"Supposing," he said, "that I make up a bed on the couch here." He knew what was in Adam Stone's mind; he knew that this silver-haired man was beset by impatience that was near to torture.

"Yes, bring a few rugs into the study," said Adam Stone, "although I don't suppose I shall lie down. They will be up early maybe."

"True," said the butler, a smile breaking on his countenance. "We shall hear their voices, sir. I don't think I shall sleep, because I shall be waiting—waiting."

Unconsciously Adam Stone touched the old man's hand.

"We shall both be waiting," he said, softly.

There they stood, master and servant. Their heads were slightly inclined towards the door, as though they were actually listening for the child's voice.

At last morning came. Adam Stone had lain down on the couch, but not until an hour before the first ray of morning light struck through the window. He was awakened by the opening of the door. The light was not so strong that he could not make out distinctly the two little figures that came over the threshold. Perhaps, too, he was not fully awakened from the dream that had disturbed the short sleep—a dream that after many years he had found his child, or fancied that he had found her, only to discover that he had deceived himself.

"Tony, dear, do you see the guy?"

It was Ruth's voice.

"Naw," said Tony. "Ain't it dark in here. What did the old cove say?"

"Hush, Tony! You mustn't call the gen'leman a cove. He said that there was somebody in this room who wanted to see us."

Adam Stone was now sitting upright. He called out in a weak, faltering voice—

"Joan!"

There was a little cry of dismay, but Tony, full of courage, and convinced of the sincerity of the butler, held Joan by the hand, and urged her towards the couch.

Adam Stone rose from the couch, and then sat down again. For a moment he dared not trust himself to speak. If there had been any doubt in his mind, it was expunged the moment he looked into the eyes of Joan. The impulse was to stoop and lift her to his heart. There came a thundering in his ears—"Adam Stone, you must not. If this is your child, are you going to tell her that you once wore the garb of a convict. Hasn't she suffered enough? Think! Bear yourself bravely."

He crossed to the window and pulled up the blind, so that the sunlight could fill the room. The action helped to steady him. When he returned to the wondering children, there was a laugh on his face, and a laugh in his voice.

"Well," said he, "I'm the 'guy,' am I?"

He was looking at Joan, and wagging a finger admonishingly.

"Naw," said Tony, stepping forward. "It was me wot said that—not 'er."

"Oh, indeed," said Adam Stone, "and who are you?"

"Tony!"

"Tony what?"

"Naw, there ain't no what—only Tony. The gent. who let us in last night said you was 'ere, and we ought to come and thank you for lettin' us sleep in your house. He could have had me pinched if he'd liked."

"So I've heard," said Adam Stone. And by this time he had drawn Joan close to him, and a little hand was clasped in his. "The butler tells me that you were caught in the act of stealing bread."

"I aint goin' to deny it," said Tony, with a flourish. "Joan was that hungry she could have eaten worms. . . . Lord! What nice soft beds you do have in this house. Don't they, Joan?"

"Some beds," said Joan.

"Like goin' to sleep in feathers."

"Are you going to stay to breakfast?" Adam Stone asked, whimsically. He knew they were going to stay for the rest of their lives He was never going to allow them out of sight.

Joan impulsively tilted her head. Adam Stone stooped and kissed her.

"We should like to have breakfast here, sir," said Tony. "Then, if you let us go, we'll try to find old Tamarisk."

"Oh! I'm not going to let you go," said Adam Stone. "I want you to stay here a long while. We're very lonely in this house. Who are your parents?"

"Never had none," said Tony, carelessly. "Nobody ever took any notice of me, 'cept old Tamarisk. I reckon the old boy will be sobbing his heart out."

"We've got to find him," said Joan, shaking her head at Tony. "We're going to walk back along the road."

"I'll come with you," said Adam Stone. "I should like to meet this Mr Tamarisk. You appear to be very fond of him."

Joan opened her eyes wide. "Of course," she said. "There never was anybody like Doady."

"And where are your parents?" Adam Stone asked, his breath coming more quickly.

"Just like Tony," she said, lightly; "ain't got any—only Doady."

"We'll have breakfast," said Adam Stone, turning his head so that they might not see the twitching of his face. "Breakfast, then we will go for a walk in the grounds. After that we'll set out to look for old Tamarisk."

The joy of the children as they wandered about the grounds is not to be told. But what of Adam Stone? Although he laughed at the quaint remarks of the children, told them wondrous stories of the gardens and the flowers, his heart was near to breaking. Joan was beautiful. In every feature she resembled her mother; she recalled her mother even in her walk. He said to himself as he went along, "I will strive to make her forget the past eight or nine years, but is the task impossible?"

Then arose within him a fiercer desire for revenge. The three men had not only blasted his young life, but they had taken his child and made of her a waif of the slums. Joan's future would be his careful study. In a thousand and one ways he would endeavour to make her the lady of whom he and his wife had dreamed. But his thoughts of the three men would never be altered. He would make them suffer tenfold.

They returned to the house, he and the children. By now they regarded him with less doubt in their minds. The child Joan seemed to creep into his arms. In the afternoon, and in the shade of a cedar, he sat with the two children at his feet, and in a little while Joan was on his knee, her head pillowed against his breast. She slept. And even as he stroked her hair he whispered to the lost wife, "I have found her. Ruth—our child."

It was not until the evening of that day that he received a message from the Wilderness. Martins, his agent, had not rested for a minute since the escape of The Lynx from the Belsteen Hotel. They had failed to trap their man, and they were afraid to confess their failure. Throughout the night, and all the next day, while Adam Stone was hugging his child to his breast, the little band of agents endeavoured, in vain, to trace their man. Then, with great reluctance, Martins telephoned to the master, and told him the story of the night's adventure. Adam Stone listened impatiently, but quick to appreciate loyalty in his servants, and the cunning of the man whom he had sworn to take, he accepted Martins' explanation. Then—

"Instruct Paris. The chances are that this man, who is known as The Lynx, crossed by the midnight boat when he realised that he had been fooled. He would guess that he had been inveigled into a 'blind,' and, fearing that the police might be informed, would endeavour to get away while there was time. Telephone to Paris, and, meanwhile, keep watch on the woman. I'm convinced that through her we shall lay hands on the man."

He replaced the receiver on the hook of the instrument, and was about to ring for the butler, when faintly, there came to his ears the wailing note of a violin. He went quickly to the window, and threw it open. Somewhere in the house came the great glad shout of a child, who had yearned for something with all its heart and soul.

"Tamarisk! It's Tamarisk, Tony!"

Then came the sound of running feet through the hall downstairs.

Hope Deferred.

By the time Adam Stone reached the hall door the two children were half-way down the drive. He followed them, reaching them just as they were flinging their arms around old Tamarisk's neck, and shouting in chorus. The old violinist was dust-stained and weary. The lodgekeeper had come out to see what mendicant it was who dared to pass through the gates. Adam Stone waved him back, and gently disengaging the hands of the two children, said to Tamarisk—

"They are quite safe with me. My butler gave them food when they arrived."

Old Tamarisk was crying, yet smiling through his tears, and, "Lordy, lordy!" he kept repeating. "I thought I'd lost 'em. I was getting tired, sir, and wondering where I could lay my head for the night. You see"—his eyes twinkled pathetically—"I had to keep on playing all along the roads in the hope that they might hear me. And now they're found. And my heart's just breaking with joy."

"You will come in and rest?" said Adam Stone, taking the old man by the arm and leading him along the drive. "Don't be afraid," as the old man glanced up suspiciously.

"I ain't afraid," said old Tamarisk, "only kindness isn't what an old man like me has come to look for, but if you have been kind to the children you won't harm an old man."

And so the little party returned to the house, the children chattering like magpies, assuring the old player that at last they had stumbled into the paradise of which he used to tell them before they set out for the country.

It was a strange dinner scene that night. Old Tamarisk, cleansed of his dust, sat at one end of the table. Adam Stone was at the head; the two children faced each other. It was an Arabian night for everyone, yet Tamarisk's eyes would sometimes lose their smile and glance nervously in the direction of the host. It was difficult for him to understand that this wealthy man, living in this beautiful country retreat, was ready to house three wanderers. When the meal was over he said falteringly—

"Like as not you'll want us to be getting on the road again. It's a main step to the next village, but we've footed many a mile when the roads were hard and trying to the feet. When they tire, sir, I just tells them a story, and it's most wonderful."

"I wish you to stay here," said Adam Stone quietly. "I've already given orders to have a room prepared for you. Why cannot you believe that I am sincere?"

"Seems so strange," said old Tamarisk. "Never had much kindness shown to us—have we, Joan?—so that it's very bewildering. Has the little maid sung to you, sir?"

Adam Stone shook his head.

"But she will," said Tamarisk, "she will. Not now, dearie," as the child began to move from the table. "We'll wait until we've all rested. Then you will sing to the gentleman for being so kind."

Adam Stone touched the bell, and to the butler who responded said, "Let the children be taken to bed. They've had only a light meal; they will be all right."

The butler looked at the children, who sidled from their chairs, glanced about them doubtfully, then went to old Tamarisk and held up their heads.

"Good-night, Master Tony," said the old man as he kissed the boy. "Good-night, my little maid," he said to Joan, and kissed her in turn. He looked up rather shyly at Adam Stone as the children walked towards the door. "Perhaps you ain't got any children, sir," he said, as if to excuse himself for any suggestion of sentimentality. "It's wonderful how they take hold of your heart."

The children didn't offer to kiss Adam Stone, but from the doorway they waved him "Good-night."

And when again there was silence in the dining-room, Adam Stone rose from his chair, walked the floor for a few minutes, the while old Tamarisk watched him in wonderment. Then he said—

"You believe in God, old man?"

"How could I doubt Him?" asked Tamarisk, "seeing what's happened? Who was it guided me here when the poor old body was like to drop?"

"Exactly," said Adam Stone. "You were guided here." For a long minute he remained motionless, studying the face of the old violinist—the grey, straggling hair, the blue eyes full of sincerity and gentleness, the wrinkled forehead, the sweet repose of the lips. "Would it surprise you to learn," he said at last, "that for years I have been searching for you? I know that you must feel somewhat nervous in this house, but now that you have rested and eaten, will you come with me to the study? I want to talk to you."

Without a word the old man followed him out of the room. If the expression in his eyes could be interpreted, he was doubtful that this young man with the silver hair was in full possession of all his faculties. Still, he had been kind to the children, and that was enough for Tamarisk. In the study Adam Stone closed and locked the door.

"Sit down," he said, gently, and placed a chair in position for the old man. Then, after a deep sigh, "Yes," he said, "I believe that God did guide you to my house to-night, for I have been searching for you and that little girl. Now, tell me the truth. I cannot explain to you how deep is my anxiety, but, if you like, I'll go back a few years and tell you the story of a friend of mine who lost that little girl."

"There's no need," said Tamarisk; "don't tell me anything that would hurt me."

"Hurt you?" said Adam Stone in surprise.

"Anything that will make me realise that she ain't mine. You see, all these years I've come to think of her as my little girl."

Adam Stone was very pale. In his heart there was a great whispering—"This old man will be able to clear up all the mystery. He will be able to tell you what happened to Ruth, your wife.'"

"Very well," he said, "tell me your story. Where did you find the child?"

"That won't take long," said Tamarisk, relievedly.

"You knew her mother?"

Only a couple of seconds passed before the old man replied, but, to the white-lipped Adam Stone, those seconds stretched themselves into years. Then—

"No," he said, "I didn't know her mother."

It was as though the ceiling had dropped down. There was suffocation in the room.

"You—didn't—know her? Old man, I've seen enough of you to be satisfied that you're honest and good, but when you say that you didn't know her mother, you make me long to cry out—'You lie!'"

"As God is my judge," said old Tamarisk. "There was an old couple lived in the slums near me. Mighty fond they were of the little girl, but they never told me how she came to their house. They died suddenly. I remember the night well. The little girl was in the room with them as they lay dead. I'd gone in to see if I could do anything for them, and there they were, all cold and still. I could tell you what I said to the little girl, so's she wouldn't be afeared, but maybe that don't interest you."

"Have you no knowledge of her parents?"

"None," said Tamarisk. "Nobody claimed her, so I took her. She was a wonderful help to me in those days. Made me young, she did, with her prattle when she was growing up."

Adam Stone's hands were opening and shutting. His heart had been crushed again. He was trying to force himself to believe that the old man lied, or had forgotten—that his memory had failed him, but there was little hope to be gained from the trying.

"How did you know her name?" he asked at last, and with a sudden flash of suspicion.

"They called her Joan," said the old man, "the couple who looked after her."

"Then, they must have known her mother?"

"Like as not."

Adam Stone halted again. Then—"My interest is a very deep one," he said. "I knew the father of the child."

"You ain't going to take her from me? Where be the father?"

"Dead," said Adam Stone.

"Then she's mine; I can keep her."

"No, old man. She's going to stay with me, and so are you, because you have been good to her. I owe a duty to her father. I'm a rich man, and will be able to give all that she may desire. I'm a lonely man, and if she were to be taken out of my life now I fear me that I would no longer believe. My faith would be broken. As I told you just now, I have been looking all over the world for this child and her mother. She shall stay with me. You and I will bring her up, and as for the boy Tony. . . By the way, who is he?"

Old Tamarisk smiled. "Only another little arab that was sent to make old Tamarisk's life smoother. He ain't got no parents, but he's main fond of the child. Tony would be a fine engineer if we could afford it."

There was earnest entreaty in his voice. Surely this man, who was ready to adopt Joan, would not dream of parting the children.

"Then Tony shall stay also," said Adam Stone; "but I want you to try and think of all the people who were connected with the child when you found her. Try to remember the neighbours who lived near the old couple."

"All gone," said the old man, sadly; "all gone."

Another instalment of this story will appear next week.

LEFT FOR DEAD.

Lance-Corpl. James Rainey, Gordon Highlanders, repatriated after having been a prisoner in Germany. He was badly wounded at the battle of Loos, and lay among a heap of dead and dying for three days, when he was picked up by the enemy. The gallant soldier had a rough time of it at Marnheim. His home is at Glencairn Street, Motherwell.

All trace of ACIDITY gone in a fortnight.

Messrs Savory & Moore strongly recommend Dr Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, which they are the sole manufacturers, as a remedy for DIGESTIVE DISORDERS arising from ACIDITY, HEARTBURN, FLATULENCE, GIDDINESS, &c. These lozenges are pleasant to take, quite harmless, and give speedy and permanent relief even in the most stubborn cases.

TESTIMONY: "The Absorbent Lozenges are excellent. The sample box was sufficient to remove long-standing acid indigestion. I got a large box and took them regularly for a fortnight, when the *trace of acidity was gone.* I may say that I never take 'patent medicines,' but Dr Jenner's name, coupled with that of Savory & Moore, assured me that at any rate I should not be given any harmful drug. I am exceedingly glad that I tried them at last." *Boxes, 1/3, 3/-, & 5/-, of all chemists.*

A FREE SAMPLE

of the Lozenges will be sent on application (mention "The Sunday Post," and address Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 143a New Bond Street, London W.1.

What's the Use of being Strong in the Head If You Are Weak in the Back

You may be one of the most intelligent people breathing; you may know more than a dozen men of average intelligence, be a human Encyclopædia in fact, and your friends may speak of you as "an exceptionally clever fellow."

But if your body is weak, what is the use of your brain being strong? With all the will in the world, there are many things you are never able to accomplish without physical energy, and then not attain the combination of physical strength with mental strength? Can you do what you ask. Yes, it can be done in the simplest possible way, but by the only possible means, that means is to infuse into your system the vital life-giving element.

ELECTRICITY.

You are intelligent enough to know the wonderful power of this vital element. But you do not know perhaps how science has harnessed this power in such a way as to enable you to apply it to your body as a disease curative and vitality producer. Let us tell you.

"THE ENTIRE ORGANISM REVITALISED."

The AJAX DRY CELL BODY BATTERY is a scientifically constructed appliance which generates when in contact with the body a stream of electricity which you absorb without shock, inconvenience, or irritation. This stream impregnates every nerve, muscle, and tissue with new energy, vitality and power, eradicates from your system the influences which prevent the free action of nature. It literally pumps new life into you, supplies you with strength to overcome weakness and debility; forces into healthy activity the many power which only lies dormant, and which only electric fluid has power to awaken.

"AS SIMPLE AS A B C."

You need only wear the AJAX BODY BATTERY for one hour a day, but that hour a day will give you years of happiness and a fund of health and vigour. It will improve your memory faculties, make your memory more retentive, give you a clearer vision of things. And all the while it will invigorate your body, give you the energy and strength which, combined with your intellectual accomplishments, will make you a man to be envied. It will put as much strength in your back as there is knowledge in your head; in other words, you will be both mentally and physically fit, able to enjoy the hardest study without fatigue.

FREE FOR THE ASKING.

We have told you so much, but we tell you a great deal more about the AJAX BODY BATTERY in the 80-page illustrated booklet which we send you carefully sealed on receipt of a postcard. Its perusal will interest and benefit you. You will find in it much that you never dreamed of. Then write and secure your copy to Dept. 115.

THE BRITISH ELECTRIC INSTITUTE
25, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

After 17 Years.

On October 5th, 1899, Mrs. J. Stark, 5, Albert Street, Forfar, said:—"Sharp cutting pains across the small of my back and along the loins bothered me for years. My back was often so painful it prevented me sleeping. I became nervous, run down and depressed.

"Within a few days of starting with Doan's Backache Kidney Pills my back was easier; it improved as I kept on with the medicine until I was quite strong and well again. I felt brighter and more energetic and am now enjoying the best of health.

On August 4th, 1916—*seventeen years later*—Mrs. Stark said:—"It is seventeen years since Doan's Pills cured me and I repeat what I said then—they are excellent for keeping a body free from kidney trouble and backache."

The whole body suffers when the kidneys are congested, for then the human drainage system is obstructed. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills remedy the cause, the weakened kidneys. Of all dealers, 2/9 a bottle, from Foster-M'Clellan Co., 3 Well St., Oxford St., London, W.1.

Don't ask for backache or kidney pills; ask *distinctly* for *Doan's* Backache Kidney Pills, like those Mrs. Stark had.

PERSONALITIES IN THE LIMELIGHT AND GOSSIP OF THE HOUR

Exclusively Written For "The Post Sunday Special."

…tting!

War-time boots are expected in Glasgow …rtly. They will be very acceptable to … man with the standard "screw."

… Tonic.

The festive season is being made very …ght in the Scottish military hospitals. A …t to one of these institutions would pro…le an excellent tonic for the people who …er from Dismalitis.

…dskin Chief in the Kilt.

Passing along Princes Street, Edinburgh, … other day, I met a Redskin chief who … sightseeing—in the kilt. He joined up in … Scottish battalion raised in Winnipeg … in the war, and his speech is now …rly as broad as that of any Jock.

…ur King as Mechanic.

The King is no novice in the work of our …nition factories and shipyards. A …unitions inspector who conducted His …jesty over a large munitions establish…nt in the North confesses to me how, … explaining a new process, he was …mpletely nonplussed by a technical ques…n asked by the King.

…ie's Little Worries.

A lady clerk in a London Government …ce recently applied for leave to go home … Aberdeen. The chief of the department …uired her reason for making such a long …rney so near the Christmas holidays. "Domestic affliction," was the humorous re…nse. Subsequently it came out that Mrs …ck's affliction was Mr Jock's homecom…g on 14 days' leave.

Alone in London.

A Highlander landed in London in a con…ival mood—he was on leave after twelve …nths "out there." Mounting a tram…r he asked the conductress the distance … King's Cross. "Twopence," replied the …dy. "I'm asking the distance, not the …ice," replied Jock. "Oh, about twenty …nutes," was the response. Turning to … fellow-passenger, the son of Scotland ex…laimed, "Are they Cockneys no' the …mit? Noo she's telling me the time."

A Strange Coincidence.

The Rev. Mr Lindsay, of Chalmers Ter…orial Church, Edinburgh, came up against … unique coincidence on the occasion of a …sit to the front. Some years ago Mr …indsay paid a trip to Canada. Speaking … a number of soldiers one day, he men…oned this fact, and described how the ship … which he was making the voyage had to …harge into a huge iceblock while coming …p the St Lawrence. After his address one … the men in his audience came up and told …im he was very much interested in the …citation of this incident. "I was the third …ngineer on the boat, sir," added the man …ith a smile.

Glasgow Firm and the Nu Spelling.

A waggish firm in the centre of Glasgow the other day hung out a notice which must please the disciples of the Nu spelling It ran:—"U R warned not 2 form A Q outside these premises." As the firm in question retail pianos and organs, the humour of the placard is obvious.

The Ignorance Which Wounds.

A soldier came to me this week with a novel grievance. It seems that when he was wounded his identity disc was lost, and the nurse asked him what regiment he came from. "Borderers," replied Jock. Now he finds himself labelled "South Wales Borderers." To quote his own words, "As if the silly woman hadn't heard of the K.O.S.B.s.

Everybody Knows.

Photo by Lafayette.

"Mrs Cargill, Glasgow." A letter from a gallant soldier bearing this address got there all right. And little wonder. Glasgow's wounded warriors look upon her as their devoted friend. There is not a busier lady in the city at this festive season. She comes of a fine military family. Her brother was the late General Grierson. Mrs Cargill tells me that her daughter, another devoted friend of our Tommies, is at present busily engaged in W.V.R. work.

Loyal Labour.

The solemn burning of several thousand pounds worth of War Loan script took place in London the other day, thus releasing the State from both capital and interest. Most of the money was the gift of Northumberland miners, who stated that, too old to fight, they wanted to do their bit to help along the war in this way.

"Iron" Hamilton.

General Ian Hamilton—who recently protested in such lively fashion against the censoring of his despatches from Gallipoli—was during that campaign the subject of a joke which made the army laugh. An Australian, serving under the Scottish Commander, wrote home—"They brought us here in iron ships, we eat iron rations, we are under iron discipline, and now a Scot named 'Iron' Hamilton has come out to look after us."

A Wonderful Record.

It may be news to many of the sporting element in the capital to learn that the Coffee Cooler, the middle-weight champion, is in the city just now. Frank is paying a non-professional visit, and is at the Waverley Market with Astley's Circus, but he was telling me he would not mind having a round or two with some of our local champions. He has had a wonderful record. He was here twenty-five years ago boxing, when he met amongst others Lachie Thomson. He is as fit to-day as ever.

Young Frank Falls in Action.

Of course, the Coffee Cooler now makes his home in London. He married an English wife, and he has made his sacrifice on the war altar in giving up his eldest son. In the early days of the war young Frank enlisted, and was a non-commissioned officer in the Rifle Brigade when he lost his life in July, 1916. Like his father, he was an excellent boxer, but did not make a profession of it. He was studying at the Veterinary College when he threw up his career to fight for British liberty.

A Tramway "Wrench."

During the dense fog which prevailed in Glasgow towards the end of the week a prominent business man committed a pardonable error. While buttoning up his overcoat on the step of a tramway car he unwittingly enclosed the perpendicular brass rod of the car inside his coat. When he jumped off on to the street the "wrench" was very severe.

Superstition!

The douce folks in a West Highland community regarded with such superstition a house wherein an individual had died of an infectious disease that it remained unlet, and no one would even occupy it rent free. But the "Wee Free" kirk session came to the rescue of the proprietor. The house was pulled down, and a place of worship erected on its site.

American Sailors in Edina.

Edinburgh citizens were greatly interested in the party of American sailors, officers and men, who visited the city the other day. Strolling along Princes Street, they attracted a lot of attention. This was specially so in regard to the naval police patrol, who marched along swinging their formidable truncheons. I had a chat with one of the men, who paid tribute to the generous hospitality received on all hands. They were all eager to be in the fight. There would be some scrap, he said, if Kaiser Bill gave them the chance.

Flying versus Driving.

Two years ago a youthful game-shot set up a new record by using an aeroplane for reaching the butts on an Aberdeenshire moor. It is predicted that in the course of a few years everybody will be flying both for business and pleasure. Will the aeroplane prove a formidable competitor in point of popularity to the familiar motor car? This is the question propounded by an anxious correspondent.

A Versatile Cleric.

A splendid type of the cleric is this gentleman with the bird perched on his finger. He is the Rev. J. A. Ferguson, who has achieved distinction in the fourfold field of sportsman, dramatist, novelist, and poet. Mr Ferguson has just published "On Vimy Ridge and Other Poems," and a novel from his pen, "Stealthy Terror," has drawn forth high praise from the critics. Mr Ferguson, though now resident in Folkestone, is well known in Glasgow, where he was priest-in-charge of a South Side Episcopal Church, and some years ago produced at Glasgow Repertory Theatre a clever original play, "Campbell of Kilmhor."

"Exclusive Information."

Alongside a notice bearing the words "No sugar" a Glasgow grocer has inscribed the following poetic gem:—

We'll get you sugar galore
When the U-boats are no more.

Has Been Disappointed Before.

A friend of mine in the R.G.A. has a pretty wit. On a P.C. intimating that he may be home for the No'er Day merrymakings he adds the postcript, "But we cannot depend on the firm we are with out here!"

The Moral!

A farm labourer in Essex possessed of a few Treasury notes buried them in the garden of his cottage for safety. During a recent air raid a bomb dropped in the garden and poor Hodge found his notes had "gone west," as Tommy says. Next time he will buy War Loan.

A Memory Almost Uncanny.

Captain A. E. Wilkie, of the Army Records (Territorials) Staff, of Hamilton, is home on leave from France. At the commencement of the war Captain Wilkie was the senior non-commissioned officer on the staff of Col. Cox in the Territorial Records No. 2 District, Hamilton. Not only has he been granted commissioned rank, but since transferring to France he has been promoted captain. The facility with which Captain Wilkie can memorise the terms of army orders has been described as almost uncanny.

A Royal Rendezvous.

King George and Queen Mary Overseas Club. By Royal permission this will be the name of the future rendezvous of Colonial soldiers in Glasgow. Magnificent rooms have been acquired in Buchanan Street, right in the hub of the city. The Club will be inaugurated early in the new year.

Economy Goes Hang!

It is calculated that never before have Glasgow people spent so much money on seasonable gifts. All the big shops have done glorious business, and in one of these establishments I overheard an assistant remark to another, "I've never before seen people spending so much money on seasonable gifts."

The Rev. Charles L. Warr's Appointment.

One of the most brilliant of the younger ministers in the Church of Scotland is the Rev. Charles L. Warr, M.A., who has been called to St Paul's, Greenock, the parish of the West-Enders of the sugar town. Mr Warr saw much fighting in the early stages of the war, and on receiving his discharge was appointed assistant in Glasgow Cathedral. He is an author of great promise, and a son of Dr Warr, of Rosneath.

No Pessimist.

Met an old friend the other day who joined up at the beginning of the war, served with distinction in Africa, winning the D.S.O., and is attached to General Headquarters in France. He now holds the rank of Major. He is no pessimist in regard to the war. Recently he has been in close touch with officers of the American army, of whom he has formed a high opinion. Their eagerness to learn is remarkable. With generalities they are not content, but must know the why and the wherefore.

BEFORE FOOTLIGHTS IN SCOTLAND THIS WEEK.

(1) Winnie Collins, in "The Forty Thieves," at the Glasgow Coliseum.

(2) Nellie Wallace, in "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh.

(3) Esta Stella, in "Airs and Graces" at the Edinburgh Empire.

(4) Bob Reed, the Clown in "Dick Whittington" at the Glasgow Alhambra.

(5) Nora Stockalle, in "Cinderella" at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow.

(6) Julia de Lacy, principal girl in "Humpty Dumpty" at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh.

(7) Winifred Hare, (8) Doreen Hayes, (9) Florrie Richards, in "Carminetta" at Her Majesty's Theatre, Dundee.

(10) Zelinda Davis, in "Dick Whittington" at the Alhambra, Glasgow.

(11) Marie Clare, in "The Forty Thieves" at the Glasgow Coliseum.

Noble's

Noble's garments have won the confidence of thousands of purchasers by their excellence of material, smartness of cut and perfection of detail.

SMART COAT
Model S 3112 42/

made in Heavy Diagonal Cloth with the new muffler collar which can be worn up or down as desired, single-breasted, buttoned front, full sacque shape. Side pockets finished with buttons, new sleeves, trimmed stitching. Length 44 ins. Colours: Navy, Brown, and Green. Price 42/-. If made specially to measure, 58/6. Patterns free.

Send for Noble's Free Dress Catalogue.

Materials by the Yard. For ladies who prefer to have their clothes made up themselves, John Noble, Ltd., will send a selection of materials post free. Please tell us what you would like us to send.

JOHN NOBLE LTD.
101 Brook Street Mills, Manchester.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

Mole Trappers, Gamekeepers, Marine Store Dealers and Others. SEEK SAFETY FIRST.

HAVE you joined our ever-increasing Army of satisfied Trappers, who consign their MOLE SKINS, OTTER, HARE, RABBIT, and CAT SKINS TO US; also PHEASANT TAILS, FEATHERS, RUMMAGE, HORSEHAIR, &c., &c.? If not, why not?

New Customers Enrolled Daily. Highest Prices and Prompt Payments Guaranteed. Latest Price-List Now Ready. Write us before sending elsewhere.

Note Our Only Address:—
WATSON & CO., PIONEERS of the MOLE SKIN Industry, OLDEST and LARGEST CASH BUYERS in the WORLD Newcastle Street, London, E.C.4 (Dept. B.C.). Bankers: Capital and Counties, Ludgate Hill. Telephone: Central 5317.

MOLE SKINS. MOLE SKINS.

K. DESMOND & CO. are now paying record prices for MOLE SKINS. Full Furred Winter skins, 65/- per hundred; second quality, 45/-. Also buyers of FOX, OTTER, BADGER, CAT, and RABBIT SKINS. Remittance by return of post. New Price List now ready. Oldest and most reliable firm in the trade.

K. DESMOND & CO. (Dept. 1.) Manor Park, London, E.12.

COLISEUM THEATRE, GLASGOW.—6.45.—Twice Every Evening—9.0. Mr Harry Burns presents George Formby, as the Terrible Rassarao in the Grand Christmas Pantomime, "The Forty Thieves." Written and Composed by Mr Harry Curwen. Cast:—Ganem, Ali Baba's Son, Maudie Esmond; Morgiana, a Beautiful Slave, Winnie Collins; Ali Baba, a poor Woodcutter, Edmond Esmond; Morgiana, a poor Woodcutter, Edmond Four Sunshine Girls, and the Beautiful Forty Thieves. All the Latest Songs Hits, by kind permission of Herman Darewski & Co. Francis Hunter & Co., and Bert Feldman & Co. Saturdays, 3 Performances, 3.45-6.45-9.0. Booking Office Open All Day, 10.30-9.30. 'Phones—Manager, 236 South; Booking, 1501 Central.

EMPIRE, GLASGOW.
TWICE NIGHTLY, ... 6.45 & 9.0.
SATURDAY, ... 6.0 & 8.15.
THE GREAT MORRITT, the Mystery Man, and his Latest and Greatest Production and Sensation, "Tally Ho!" the Greatest Mystery of Modern Times. ROBB WILTON. WATERS & MORRIS, in Comedy Irish Classic, "Father and Son." Molly Buttler. The Charley Meteor Trio. The Renowned GOMEZ TRIO.
Grand Holiday Matinees, Tuesday and Wednesday, at 2.30. Box Office, 10.30 to 5.30 and 6.30 to 9.30. 'Phone—3751-2 Douglas.

THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW.
"CINDERELLA."
EVERY AFTERNOON at 2,
EVERY EVENING at 7,
DURING NEW YEAR'S WEEK.

KING'S THEATRE, DUNDEE.
TWICE NIGHTLY at 7 and 9.
ALL STAR PROGRAMME
NEW YEAR'S WEEK.
JAY WHIDDEN. BURR & HOPE. GRIFF. FRED KEETON. THE BENEDETTI BROS. BILLY WELLS & ECLAIR TWINS. THE MIZUNO TROUPE.
MATINEES JAN. 1 and 2, at 2 p.m.
No Telephone Bookings for Jan. 1.

LA SCALA,
'PHONE 384. 30 MURRAYGATE, DUNDEE.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, Dec. 31st, Jan. 1st and 2d.
SALLY CRUTE
IN
"THE MATCHMAKERS."
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, Jan. 3d, 4th, 5th.
MARY PICKFORD
IN
"SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN."
NOTICE.—LA SCALA will be Open from 11 a.m. on Monday Dec. 31st; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan 1st and 2d.

SHAND'S PICTURE HOUSE,
SHEPHERD'S LOAN, DUNDEE.
GRAND NEW YEAR PROGRAMME.
Open on Monday, Dec. 31st; Tuesday, Jan. 1st; Wednesday, Jan. 2d, at 11 a.m.
Showing—"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH," Founded on Longfellow's Immortal Poem. Also, Billy West in "CUPID'S RIVAL."
THURSDAY—Ella Hall in "POLLY REDHEAD." Also Episode 1 of Our Great New Serial, "THE GREY GHOST," Starring Eddie Polo. 8203

ELECTRIC THEATRE, NETHERGATE, DUNDEE.
NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.—This Theatre will be Open from 12 Noon. Continuous all Day. Come Early. Please Note Prices for First 3 Days of Week—8d to all Parts of Hall; Box Seats, 1s 3d; Private Boxes 5s.
Showing MON., TUES. and WED.,
First Time in Dundee,
WINNIFRED GREENWOOD
IN
A WOMAN'S DARING—4 Acts.
THE DESPOILERS—4 Acts.

KINNAIRD HALL, DUNDEE.
JANUARY 1st and 2d, for 2 DAYS ONLY, From 2 p.m. till 10 p.m. Each Day, Continuous.
WALKER'S CINEMATOGRAPH,
Showing
THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME,
Pathé Photoplay from Nat Gould's Novel; also CHARLES CHAPLIN in THE GREAT LOVER.
Prices—4d 8d, 1/-, 1/3 (Children Half-Price).

REPAIRED ARMY BOOTS
Best Government Leather.
9/6
Sizes 6 to 10. Exceptional Offer to Munition Workers, Dockyard Men, Railway Workers, Miners, and others. These Boots are as good as new, with guaranteed sound uppers.
9/6 per Pair. Postage 7d extra.
The non-studded Boots have new soles and heels; the studded are slightly worn only. When remitting mention size and say if studded or plain soles required.
LONDON ARMY BOOT CO. (Dept 4)
8, Victoria Avenue, Bishopsgate, London, E.

SHOPPING BY POST.
Closely set advertisements are inserted under this heading at the prepaid rate of 3d per word.

COCHRANE'S HELP YOU
to start a business of your own. Make money selling genuine bargains. Drapery remnants, ready-mades, handkerchiefs. Write for catalogue. Cochrane's Warehouse, 24 Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

REMNANTS.—We carry one of the largest stocks in the trade of all kinds of cotton and wool goods. Also ready-mades and smallwares. Send for price-list, free. S. Andrew & Co., 30 George St., Manchester. Established 25 years.

From Office Boy to Manager.

Mr James Calder, the new manager of the N.B. Railway, might be said to have been born in the service. He was actually born on the property of the Company at Blackhall Station, Lanarkshire, where his father was then stationmaster. At the age of fourteen he entered the service himself as an office boy, and has steadily forged ahead to his present eminent and well-merited position. Most of his railway career has been spent in the West of Scotland, but for fourteen years he has been chief assistant at Edinburgh to Mr W. F. Jackson, who is vacating the post after forty years' service, eighteen of which he has been general manager.

RANGERS HARD ON THE HEELS OF THE CELTS

RESULTS AT A GLANCE.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

RANGERS,	2	ST MIRREN,	0
QUEEN'S PARK,	3	KILMARNOCK,	0
CLYDE,	0	CLYDEBANK,	3
MORTON,	1	FALKIRK,	0
HAMILTON ACAD.,	1	AIRDRIEONIANS,	1
DUMBARTON,	1	HEARTS,	1
MOTHERWELL,	3	THIRD LANARK,	1
AYR UNITED,	1	CELTIC,	2
HIBERNIAN,	2	PARTICK THISTLE,	1

WESTERN CUP.

ALBION ROVERS,	8	VALE O FLEVEN,	0
ARTHURLIE,	1	RENTON,	1
JOHNSTONE,	0	D'MBARTON HARP,	2

LOFTUS CUP.

DUNDEE,	11	DUNFERMLINE,	2

EASTERN LEAGUE.

DUNDEE HIBS,	5	EAST FIFE,	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE.

Lancashire Section.

BLACKBURN ROV.,	0	MANCHESTER C.,	4
BURY,	1	STOKE,	1
BURSLEM P.V.,	1	BOLTON WAN.,	2
STOCKPORT CO.,	6	SOUTHPORT C.,	0
EVERTON,	6	PRESTON N.E.,	0
MANCHESTER U.,	1	BURNLEY,	0
ROCHDALE,	6	BLACKPOOL,	3
OLDHAM ATH.,	3	LIVERPOOL,	3

Midland Section.

ROTHERHAM C.,	0	SHEFFIELD WED.,	0
NOTTS FOREST,	5	HULL CITY,	1
BRADFORD CITY,	0	BIRMINGHAM,	3
GRIMSBY TOWN,	2	NOTTS COUNTY,	0
LEICESTER FOSSE,	2	BRADFORD,	0
LINCOLN CITY,	2	HUDDERSFIELD T.,	1
SHEFFIELD UTD.,	3	BARNSLEY,	0

London Combination.

TOTTENHAM H.,	2	CHELSEA,	0
CLAPTON ORIENT,	1	THE ARSENAL,	2
FULHAM,	1	CRYSTAL PAL.,	1
Q.P.R. RANGERS,	1	WEST HAM UTD.,	1
MILLWALL,	2	BRENTFORD,	1

BELFAST AND DISTRICT.

LINFIELD,	1	BELFAST UNITED,	0
GLENTORAN,	2	CLIFTONVILLE,	0
DISTILLERY,	1	GLENAVON,	0

RENFREWSHIRE CONSOLATION CUP —Semi-Final.

NEILSTON VISTORIA, 4; GREENOCK LADYBURN, 1.

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

ASHFIELD, 0; PARKHEAD, 9 (M'Innes 4, M'Farlane 4, and Kinloch).
BENBURB, x; PETERSHILL, x.
MARYHILL, 4 (Lockhead, Grant, Granger, and Brown); CAMBUSLANG RANGERS, 1 (M'Gowan).
PERTHSHIRE, 1 (Donnachie); LARKHALL THISTLE, 6 (Skelly 2, M'Stay 1, and Goldie 3).
POLLOK, 4 (Stewart, Agnew 2, and Craig); STRATHCLYDE, 1 (Langmuir).
SHETTLESTON, 1 (Woods); ROB ROY, 2 (Ross and Kane).
CLYDEBANK, 1 (Hutchison); GLENCAIRN, 4 (Cameron 2, Dempster 1, M'Lean 1).

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

RENFREW JUNIORS, 4 (Reddie, Flower, Allan, and Chester); BLANTYRE VICTORIA, 1 (Allan).
BEDLAY, 3; ST ANTHONY'S, 2.

WAR FUND MATCH.

ST MIRREN JUNIORS, 2 (Barr and Howie); BELLSHILL ATHLETIC, 0.

LOTHIANS LEAGUE.

BROXBURN ATHLETIC, 3 (Webster 2, Lumsden 1); WINCHBURGH VIOLET, 1 (Tully).

ABERDEEN AND DISTRICT AMATEUR LEAGUE.

GORDON HIGHLANDERS, 2; CHAS. LYONS, 0.
THISTLE, 3; WINDSOR, 3.
J. M. HENDERSON'S, 2; HALL & CO., 0.
TRAWLERS AND TRADERS, 2; STRATH ENGINEERING CO., 0.
ROYAL ALBERT, 4; LINKSFIELD, 1.
HALL RUSSELL & CO., 2; HARPER'S, LTD., 0.
MUGIEMOSS, 5; ROSE ATHLETIC, 1.
CARLTON, 3; AULTON ROVERS, 1.
HILTON, 8; GLENWOOD, 2.
J. LEWIS & SON, x; DUTHIE'S, LIMITED, x.

OTHER GAMES.

BROXBURN THISTLE, 4; BATHVILLE UTD., 0—East of Scotland Juvenile tie at Broxburn.
ROYAL OAK, 4; FERENIEZE, 2—Renfrewshire Cup-tie at Neilston.
L.W.T., 3 (Bonsor and M'Girr 2); MERCANTILE, 0—At Hamilton Crescent, Partick.

BETTING ON POWDERHALL HANDICAP.

At Powderhall Grounds Edinburgh, yesterday afternoon there was very little doing in the way of betting on the New Year Handicap. Only three men were backed at 4 to 1. Ballantyne, Edinburgh, 11 yards, was in most demand, Cann, Bowhill, being quoted at 6 yards, with Bowen, Edinburgh, 8 yards after—10 to 1 against.

POWDERHALL PEDS.

A two-miles' handicap was run at Powderhall yesterday afternoon, for which there were thirty-six entries. Lindsay, Dreghorn, was the backmarker. Result:—1 (£7) P. Gilbert, Broxburn (300); 2 (£3) J. Bain, Ormiston (250); 3 (£1) W. Wilson, Beith (310). Betting—Evens on James, Edinburgh (280); 2 to 1 against the winner, 4 to 1 Bain, 10 to 1 the others. Bain retired going round the third time (spiked). Gilbert, assuming command at half the distance. Won easily by 30 yards. A similar distance separated the second and third. Time—9 mins. 27 secs.

TANCY LEE'S DEFEAT.

Our Edinburgh correspondent is informed that a challenge has been issued by the backers of Tancy Lee, Leith, the feather-weight champion, for a return contest with Billy Fry, of Tylorstown, who knocked out Lee at Liverpool on Wednesday night. The only stipulation is that the boxers must weigh in at 9 st. 2 lbs., and the Leith man's backers are prepared to put up anything to £200 a-side. In explanation of Lee's defeat it is pointed out that Fry was 4½ lbs. over-weight, and that Lee had to go on with the match without a preparation.

BILLIARDS.

Reece,	18,000
Cook,	15,071

Paddy Travers is putting on flesh.

M'Turk played a strong game in his old "home."

Brander is now an out-and out Clydebank player.

NEIL HARRIS, Thistle.

QUEEN'S CATCH THE TEN AT HAMPDEN.

DOUBTFUL GOALS AT IBROX AND SHAWFIELD.

AYR UNITED'S FINE FIGHT AGAINST THE CHAMPIONS.

ROBB, Third Lanark.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals. F.	A.	Pts.
Celtic,	18	15	2	1	40	15	31
Rangers,	18	13	2	3	38	14	29
Kilmarnock,	20	13	5	2	45	23	28
Morton,	20	11	3	6	33	19	28
Partick Thistle	19	9	3	7	31	14	25
Motherwell,	20	8	7	5	40	37	21
Clydebank,	20	8	8	4	37	38	20
Hamilton Acad.,	20	7	8	5	30	34	19
Airdrieonians,	20	8	9	3	32	35	19
Dumbarton,	20	8	9	3	29	31	19
Queen's Park,	20	7	9	4	38	41	18
St. Mirren,	20	6	10	4	24	30	16
Hibernian,	20	5	9	6	28	34	16
Falkirk,	20	6	10	4	25	38	16
Hearts,	20	6	12	2	17	39	14
Clyde,	19	6	11	2	24	36	14
Third Lanark,	20	4	12	4	27	37	12
Ayr United,	20	2	13	5	16	39	9

ALAN MORTON'S GREAT GOALS.

QUEEN'S PARK, 3; KILMARNOCK, 0.

Kilmarnock had no luck at Hampden. They had a goal disallowed, a penalty with no score, and had to play most of the game with ten men. The feature of the game was Alan Morton's brilliancy, which brought the double count, and made the points secure. With a full muster, bar Culley, Kilmarnock made a bright start. They had the ball in the net in ten minutes, but this was struck off for an infringement, and Fulton later drove past the Queen's keeper, simultaneously with the sounding of the whistle "off-side." It took the Amateurs twenty minutes to get into the danger zone, Alan Morton leading up, and Hillhouse missing closely from his pass. The Queen's keeper did wonders, and in a keen block-and-tackle movement Fulton got laid out. He resumed for a short space, but latterly had to be assisted off for good. Queen's were more in the game after this, and Blair effected a distinctive clearance off Aitken. First blood went to the Hampdenites after forty minutes. Paton did the running, Alan Morton shot, Blair held, but failed to clear, and Hillhouse trintled the ball over the line for the first count. Queen's goalie had his work cut out, but he only gave way for flag kicks, and Queen's lead at the interval was scarcely due on play.

Sorted to the one-back game, and Hamilton went from back to centre forward. This half was a brilliant one for Queen's in goals scored. They opened with a double miss off Cresswell and Hillhouse, but seventeen minutes sufficed for "A. L. M." to get home. Aitken sped the wing, and put over a "picture" Hillhouse failed to grip, but Morton made no error, a fast shot from twelve yards out beating Blair all the way. Hampden's speed merchant's second goal, and the third for his side, was the event of the day. He worked his way in, beat three men on the touch, and belted the ball past Blair. Killie never lay down, but "Hector" defied them all the way, and Queen's finished good winners. Kilmarnock's failure to improve on a penalty in the early stages, and Fulton's injury, had a distinct bearing on the ultimate issue. Queen's were capitally served by Duncan, Stevenson and Cowan in defence, with Alan Morton the "star" forward. Blair put up a good fight for Killie. Hamilton was sound when at back. Mackie took the eye at half, and in a good moving line Smith, Goldie, and M'Phail were prominent. Attendance, 8000. Scorers—Hillhouse, 1; A. L. Morton, 2.

Queen's Park—H. Duncan; J. Stevenson and A. Ford; A. Cowan, J. Reid, and K. M'Kenzie; W. J. Aitken, E. Cresswell, H. M. Hillhouse, H. Paton, and A. L. Morton.
Kilmarnock—Blair; Hamilton and Mitchell; Henderson, Johnstone, and Mackie; Hamilton, Smith, Fulton, Goldie, and M'Phail.

M'CORMACK SHINES FOR THIRDS.

MOTHERWELL, 3; THIRD LANARK, 1.

There was little to enthuse over in the game at Fir Park yesterday, where Third Lanark brought two points to the men of the Steel town. The first half was nearing a close when the initial point came as a result of a scrimmage in front of Robb. Ferguson was credited with the goal. Although the Volunteers were in evidence at the start they failed to make good, mainly on account of the stiff opposition put up by the Motherwell backs. Murray was showing tip-top form, and it would be difficult to say whether M'Cormack, of the Thirds, or the Motherwell right back put in the best day's work. Certainly M'Cormack had the harder row to hoe, and shirked not an inch of it. He was the most convincing player in the visiting team. Time and again he stopped dangerous raids by Ferguson, who was bent on getting through. Immediately before Motherwell's thrust came, Ferguson and M'Cormack had a neck-and-neck race for the ball, and Third's vigorous right back saved at the expense of a corner. It was the only exciting incident of a rather poor first half.

The start of the second portion saw a change. M'Lean fastened on, and Rundell was hard put to it to clear. Third's centre immediately returned, and almost put a successful finish to the effort. Play was transferred to the other end, where Gardner headed through Motherwell's second point. Later M'Lean followed with Third's only goal. Give-and-take work supervened. The best goal of the match came from Ferguson after half an hour's play. Lennie gave Motherwell's pivot his chance, and Robb's great effort to save went for naught. Thirds failed to convince. The defensive work of M'Cormack was the outstanding feature of their play. M'Lean was anxious, and was up against it. Third's forwards were too easily beaten at close quarters. Ferguson, Rankin, Murray, and Rundell carried off the honours of the Fir Park team, which suffered somewhat from Stewart's and Morgan's absence.

Motherwell—Rundell; Murray and M'Skimming; M'Intosh, Pinlayson, and M'Stay; Lennie, Rankine, Ferguson, Gardner, and Dunsmuir.
Third Lanark—Robb; M'Cormack and M'Gowan; Walker, M'Laughlan, and Brown; Bennie, Weir, M'Lean, Love, and Aitken.

RANGERS' FORM.

RANGERS, 2; ST MIRREN, 0.

Rangers had a much harder fight for the points against St Mirren at Ibrox than the final score of two goals to nothing would suggest. For fully two-thirds of a hard game the Paisley Saints gave their more - fancied rivals a hot run. The opening goal awarded to the homesters a quarter of an hour from the finish looked suspiciously off-side, and Bowie appeared to have no one to beat except the goal-keeper when the ball came whizzing for him to drive through. How keenly the Saints felt the decision of the referee was reflected in their reluctance to restart the game, and for a few minutes it looked as if an unfortunate hitch would arise, but the Paisley players latterly resumed. There was scarcely a good shot among the twenty-two players. In the first half Tommy Cairns had the chance of a lifetime, but the Rangers forward lifted the ball over the bar. This was about the only near shave that the St Mirren goal had in the opening half, but Hempsey was fortunate in tipping a great shot which was crashing into the net, and sending it over the crossbar. The game was one where the defence had the pull on both sides. Marshall was not far from being the finest back on view, but Manderson was not far behind, and the speedy Ranger rather subdued the Schofield-Durward combination. Bowie was the best forward on the field.

SERGEANT GORDON, Rangers.

Sergt. James Gordon was hardly a success at centre. Higginbotham was in poor form. Peter Purcell was the pick of the mid line, but for once in a while this department was not up to the usual Rangers' standard.

Rangers' opening goal came just when the home crowd were getting fretful at the absence of goals, and while there was strong ground for disputing the referee's judgment, there was no doubt as to the legality of the drive which Cairns sent whizzing into the net ten minutes before the whistle sounded. Had St Mirren carried a single sharpshooter in their front line, they might have sprung a surprise. Reid, who was lent by Partick Thistle for the day, at times came away in dashing style, but when near goal he allowed himself to be dispossessed of the ball rather easily. Pringle put in a vast amount of work at centre half, and the defence could not be blamed for the defeat. A crowd of over ten thousand witnessed the play, and it was generally remarked that Rangers would require to play much better football against the Celts at Parkhead if they are to escape a big drubbing.

Rangers—Hempsey; Manderson and M'Queen; Dick, Pursell, and M'Kenna; Archibald, Bowie, Gordon, Cairns, and M'Dermid.
St Mirren—Doolan; Marshall and Orrock; Brown, Pringle, and Walls; Higginbotham, Lindsay, Reid (Partick Thistle), Schofield, and Durward.

FINE UPHILL FIGHT BY AYR.

AYR UNITED, 1; CELTIC, 2.

Considering the relative positions of Celtic and Ayr United in the League, it was a surprisingly level and interesting contest that was witnessed at Somerset Park. While Celtic came out winners by the narrowest possible margin, they would have suffered no injustice if Ayr had secured a division of the points. The crowd did not exceed five thousand, and was the largest of the season. In the first half for thirty minutes play swung from goal to goal, and it was only in the last quarter of an hour that Celtic assumed a real ascendancy. At that stage their attack was so persistent that it was no surprise when Browning opened the scoring. The player himself was probably astonished at the way the ball swerved into the goal. The second goal, which came three minutes later, was the direct result of a blunder by Sommerville, and the rapidity with which Maclean took advantage of Cameron's hesitancy showed the ability of the clever little centre, who had the ball in the net before the Ayr defence realised what was happening.

LOCK, Ayr United.

With Ayr crossing over two goals to the bad, the general expectation was that the game was as good as over. The United, however, justified the reputation they enjoy for rising to the occasion when up against the cracks, and put up a very good fight indeed. In fifteen minutes, following good work by Middleton, Devine broke through, and his shot rebounded from the upright to Brown, who promptly placed it in the net. After this there were stirring incidents at both goals. Brewster, the Ayr centre-half, did a power of work in breaking up the Celtic attack in which Browning and M'Menemy were always prominent. A brilliant save by Lock from Browning was one of the features. Towards the finish Ayr made a bold bid to equalise, and Crosbie very nearly did the trick. All through Celtic moved with fine precision, and it was only the dourness of the Ayr defence that kept them at bay. Ayr may be congratulated on their welcome, if belated, improvement in form. For the winners M'Nair, Cringan, Maclean, M'Menemy, and Browning were most prominent, while Ayr were well served by Lock, the two backs, Brewster, and Thomson.

Ayr United—Lock; Cameron and Semple; Hay, Brewster, and Somerville; Morton, Devine, Crosbie, Thomson, and Middleton.
Celtic—Shaw; M'Nair and Dodds; Jackson, Cringan, and Brown; M'Atee, Gallagher, M'Lean, M'Menemy, and Browning.

CLYDE'S BAD LUCK.

CLYDEBANK, 3; CLYDE, 0.

If ever a team had ill-luck that team was Clyde. Before about 3000 at Shawfield they played Clydebank.

Opening better than their opponents opened the team had the chagrin to lose a goal, which might easily have been saved. Shingleton ran out to the right, and hesitated as to whether he would allow the ball to go behind. While he was making up his mind, Croot centred and Brander nodded the ball into the net. But there was worse to follow. A penalty was claimed for handling. Undoubtedly, the back handled well inside the line, and if it was an accident it was an accident which cost Clyde at least a glorious chance. But there was still worse. M'Turk saved a dropping shot from Cowan. He staggered back and was undoubtedly over the line. Referee Hamilton consulted both linesmen and gave a throw-up. It would take a better team than Clyde was yesterday to fight against such ill-fortune. When Shingleton again ran out and missed, and M'Lellan attempted to scrape clear on the goal-line and kicked into the net, Clyde were well beaten, even before Yarnall scored a third goal, in characteristic style.

It must not be taken for granted, however, that bad luck alone beat Clyde. Clydebank played a good game. Their forwards were eager and judicious, and with a great defence behind them, the half-backs had plenty of time and opportunity to pay attention to "placing" For Clydebank—M'Turk, Law, and Ferguson were a great defence, all the half-backs were good, and Brander, Sutherland, and Croot the pick of the forwards. Shingleton was off colour, Thorpe erratic. M'Lellan got in a great amount of work, and Watson was the best half. Morris, M'Gowan, and O'Kane were the best forwards.

Clyde—Shingleton; M'Lellan and Thorpe; Rae, Cowan, and Watson; Morris, M'Gowan, O'Kane, Howie, and Currie.
Clydebank—M'Turk; Law and Ferguson; Walker, Shortt, and Neish; Brander, Travers, Yarnall, Sutherland, and Croot.

THISTLE DOWN.

HIBS, 2; PARTICK THISTLE, 1.

At the outset of the game at Easter Road it looked odds on a Partick victory, so well did the Partick Thistle forwards move. In fact, with the exception of a single incursion towards Ferguson, when Meaney headed into the custodian's hands, the visitors monopolised the play until they obtained the first goal, which, however, proved their last. The goal was the outcome of a tricky journey on the part of King, who eluded Smith and Gordon and gave to Bowie, who in turn placed Marshall in a fine position to open the scoring, and the Winchburgh flyer made no mistake. Kerr, who was injured, returned to the field at outside right, with Meaney as right half, but the injured player was of little use to his side. M'Candless now made towards Ferguson, whose charge fell in a mix-up. The credit of the score lay between Adams, of Partick, and Millar, Hibs. It could hardly be said that this was due on the run of the play.

Then Miller, profiting by fine work on the part of Smith and M'Candless, was allowed to go in and score a goal which the Partick supporters, in turn, had some cause to grumble about. Hibs' defence put up a powerful resistance, and if Gray and Bowie had Borthwick often in Queer Street, Veteran Gordon, Smith, or Dornan always cropped up in time to avert disaster. Partick's failure to get the equaliser was due to the hard work of the players mentioned and the alertness of M'Manus, who parried successfully the efforts of King, Bowie, and Marshall to beat him. Dornan was especially useful against the strong Partick wing, but Gordon for hard work, and Barney Smith for trickery were the outstanding figures on the Easter Road side. M'Candless was their leading forward. Ferguson, Bulloch, a Hamilton did their part well for Partick Bowie, King, and Marshall were the p of the Firhill front line. Neil Harris well looked after by Davie Gordon.

Hibs—M'Manus; Borthwick and Dornan; Gordon, and Smith; Kilpatrick, Meaney, M Moir, and M'Candless.
Partick Thistle—Ferguson; Adams and Bulloch, Black, Hamilton, and J. Harris; J. Marshall, N. Harris, Gray, and Bowie.

DRAW AT DUMBARTON.

DUMBARTON, 1; HEARTS, 1

Dumbarton and Hearts met at Boghead before a 3000 crowd. It was a fine afternoon, but the thaw had only skimmed the frost-bound surface, and the players were afraid to let themselves go. The movements of the players were at times almost ridiculous. Goals were hard to get, the goalkeepers on each side being the smartest men on the field, and the two goals which were scored had each an element of luck about them. Hearts scored theirs in the first half after twenty minutes' play. The lanky centre half gave a judicious pass forward to the centre, and Sharp, slipping past three Dumbarton men, sent in a bounding ball, which just cut the right side upright, and completely baffled Miller. The play which followed only brought out how evenly the sides were matched.

Opening the second half, Dumbarton once wakened up things, but Hearts relied on what was really a three-back defence and blocked their goal to perfection. The game descended again into mid form, completely lacking in interest, and it was when Dumbarton's supporters were leaving the field, having accepted defeat that the equaliser came. Ritchie, on the right, beat his man, and crossed smartly across the goal mouth, where Thom was lying handy, and headed into the net. On the run of the play a draw was the proper verdict, although Hearts could only get away feeling that they had been robbed in the second half. On both sides the goalkeeper and backs carried off the honours. The centre half was also a stone wall for the Hearts, while W. Ritchie was the really successful man on the Dumbarton attack. The home side were helped by Lance-Corporal Ritchie, D.C.M., home on leave, who played a useful game at left half.

Dumbarton—Miller; M'Grory and Marshall; Durnin, Reaside, and Corporal Ritchie; W. Ritchie, Trotter, M'Culloch, Finnie, and Thom.
Hearts—Black; Kiernan and Lochhead; Barrie, Croascher, and Ross; Sinclair, Laidlaw, Sharp, Dawson, and Gibson.

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In the event of more than one competitor sending in a coupon with the same number of correct results, the Consolation Prize will be divided.

On the accompanying form you will find a list of sixteen matches which are to be played on Saturday, January 5.

RULES GOVERNING THE CONTEST

Strike out in black ink the name of the club you think will lose. Any other form of marking will disqualify your entry. If in your opinion any game will end in a draw, leave the names of both competing teams.

In the event of any of the matches not being played or being abandoned or postponed, the prize of £100 will not be awarded, but the offer of the consolation prize will still hold.

Any number of entry forms may be enclosed in the same envelope.

Any entry form on which an alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

Each competitor must give his or her real address and must write his or her signature and address in ink.

In all matters relating to this competition the Editor's decision is final and legally binding, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED ON JANUARY 5.

Southport C.	v. Manchester U.
Manchester C.	v. Rochdale
Preston N.E.	v. Port Vale
Blackpool	v. Everton
Hull City	v. Leeds City
Rotherham C.	v. Bradford C.
Notts County	v. Birmingham
Arsenal	v. Millwall
Crystal Palace	v. Chelsea
Brentford	v. Tottenham
Clyde	v. Morton
Clydebank	v. Rangers
Falkirk	v. Motherwell
St Mirren	v. Celtic
Hamilton A.	v. Ayr United
Third Lanark	v. Dumbarton

I enter this competition in accordance with the printed conditions in "The Post Sunday Special," and agree to accept the published decision as final and legally binding.

Signature, ...

Address, ...

.....

.....

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Weekly News."

The Editor cannot accept responsibility for the loss or non-delivery of any entry form, and will not accept proof of postage as proof of receipt or delivery.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with this competition.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any entry, but agrees not to disqualify any entry without good and sufficient reason.

Entries must be sent by post addressed to "£100 Results Editor," "The Post Sunday Special," 138 Port-Dundas Road, Glasgow, and posted so that they reach us not later than the first post on Wednesday, January 2, 1918.

Result of Football Contest—Matches Played December 22.

No one correctly forecasted all the results in the above contest, but one reader submitted a coupon showing one error, and our consolation prize of £10 is therefore awarded to T. Bell, 10 Lancaster Street, Carlisle.

FALKIRK FALL AT GREENOCK.

MORTON, 1; FALKIRK, 0.

r their game with Falkirk at Greenock rton had difficulty in getting up a team. fewer than four of their regular front cried off—M'Nab, Broad, Stevenston, Seymour. This was a heavy handicap, the eleven which did duty gave a fairly itable display, and were successful in ing the points, thanks to a penalty. Intyre, the bustling right half-back, got hance of showing what he could do at tre, and, on the whole, Jock made not ad leader. He had certainly plenty of h, and several times seriously troubled an. The play was featureless in the first About the best shot was by Grant, the ball being handled, a penalty was en, from which M'Intyre put the home h a goal ahead.

Falkirk put more dash into the play after ing over, and only a cool and skilful de- e kept them from obtaining the equaliser. o or three chances were lost by Morton, in the closing stages Simpson had one his old-time shots, but, luckily for Mor- Bradford was on the spot, and cleared. points went to the better team. Lister peared for Morton, and was one of the forwards on the field. Falkirk had a defence, in which the two backs and rnie were conspicuous. M'Tavish part- ed Simpson in the second half. Ormonde at his best, and gave nothing away. present.

rton—Bradford; Morrison and Ormonde; J. ennes, Wright, and M'Lean; Grant, Robertson, ntyre, Lister, and Gourlay.

alk rs—Allan; M'Leod and "Walters"; Scott, rie and Reilly; Simpson, Watson, Harvie, avish, and Sime.

OW 'ONIANS DREW AT HAMILTON.

ACADEMICALS, 1; AIRDRIE, 1.

he redeeming features in the first half this game at Douglas Park yesterday was napshot by James Reid, who beat Mason the way and counted, and two fast direct ves by Wilson, who was again at centre ward for Hamilton. The 'Onian forwards to goal quicker than the Academicals' , but even with that the Douglas Park were more aggressive. On the run of exchanges Airdrie were fortunate to be al in the lead at the interval.

n the second half the Academicals gradu- assumed a better grip of the game, and ison, Ford, and Greenhorn had drives well rthy of the equaliser. Excitement rose, a lively interlude between Kennedy and le called for a word of warning from the ree. The ground team played desperately the equaliser, and sheer ill-luck prevented m from getting on equal terms. There e many exciting passages in front of nard, who had quite a number of daring es. At last Wilson with a fast low shot the trick. The Accies played up gamely the winning goal, but Airdrie's defence sound. On the whole, a draw was a good lt. For the Academicals Mason was con- nt. Miller and M'Arthur safe, Purdie ham's deputy) the pick of the half-backs, Wilson and Greenhorn the best of a inted attack. Bernard, M'Donald, Ken- y, Donaldson, Rankin, Cairney, and Reid e the pick of the 'Onians.

amilton Acad.—Mason; M'Allister and Miller; , Purdie, and Paterson; Kelly, Ford, Wilson, and Greenhorn.

rdrieonians—Bernard; M'Donald and Watson; r, Kennedy, and Hart; Rankine, Sergeant J. Cairney, Donaldson, and Galbraith.

LOFTUS CUP.

DUNDEE'S STARTLING VICTORY.

NDEE, 11; DUNFERMLINE ATH., 2.

Dundee had a startling victory over Dun- mline Athletic at Dens Park, both Cann and Murray performing the hat k, and of the other five goals scored by home team Lamb and Herron had two h and Taylor one. Dunfermline were sted from the beginning to the end of game, not so much in the first half as in second, in the early stages of which, ever, they sprang a surprise. Dundee e leading with four goals to the good, began to slacken off in their efforts. visitors seized on the opportunity, and ve sent beautifully across to Dean, who lying close in, and he had no difficulty scoring. A minute later the same player ned the ball downfield, and, running in, stered a second. Dundee then renewed r exertions, and before the finish rattled other six goals. Dunfermline were out- sed in every department. At one period the first half they worked splendidly to- her, and were strongly aggressive, but hing resulted from their efforts. Mur- opened the scoring for Dundee in five utes, and after repeated tries Lamb ched a second, the ball rebounding off upright into the net. Dundee continued have the better of the exchanges, and ring the interval M'Cann registered a d.

day in the second half was largely mono- sed by the home team. Dunfermline e kept on the defensive most of the e, and their goal was ever in danger. ars had no chance with the goals scored nst him, whilst, in addition, the ball eral times skimmed narrowly past the ght and over the bar. Anderson in the goal got little work to do, and his s kept a firm hold of the visitors' for- ds. Among them Neave and Fisher did e good work. The losers' outstanding was Brown, centre half. Stirling, ron, and Lamb were best for the home

ee—Anderson; Husson and Burns; Duffus, ing, and Nairn; Herron, M'Cann, Taylor, ay, and Lamb.

nfermline—Sellars; Thomson and Bailey; J. r, Brown, and Bennett; Dean, Alexander, W. r, Dunn, and Neave.

ls" at the Lanarkshire derby—1 up. 'Cormack (Thirds) gave a great dis- at Motherwell.

om Blair put up a sturdy fight at the ount," but the Queen's took their ces.

ngers' first goal was the subject of h comment, and so was the man in rge.

ddebank's Shawfield result shows a dis- improvement from the beginning of eason.

WESTERN CUP.

ROW AT BARRHEAD.

ARTHURLIE, 1; RENTON, 1.

At Barrheal. Up till this point Arthurlie had won all their games in this competition, and were eager to keep their record clear. The home forwards started off in rattling style, and after a few minutes' play M'Neilage was almost through. For a time Arthurlie maintained the attack, but gradually Renton opened out, and gave as good as they got. Both goals were frequently visited, and at this stage first-class football was played. On the whole Arthurlie's attacking line was smarter, and Renton's goal was more frequently in danger, but the latter's defence was very sound. Clark and Reilly broke up all Arthurlie's efforts, and it was only after half an hour's play that Stewart found the net for the home team with a surprise shot close up. In a few minutes Renton's forwards organised a raid at the other end, where Ritchie beat Harrigan with a flier.

The second half of the game was completely spoiled by bad temper and fighting amongst the players. This got steadily worse until a regular melee ensued with a break-in by the spectators. It took a long time to clear the field, and when play was resumed it had lost its interest and sting, and there was no further scoring.

A WIGGING FOR JOHNSTONE.

JOHNSTONE, 0; DUMBARTON HARP, 2.

Johnstone lost on Saturday to Dumbarton Harp. The visitors turned up minus their regular backs. The slippery ground helped to spoil the play of the teams. In the first half the Harp were the more convincing lot, their forward play being smarter than that of their opponents. No scoring, however, took place in the first half.

In the second portion Johnstone scored twice for Dumbarton Harp. The Newfielders disputed the first goal. The visitors' forwards were very smart on the ball, and in the Johnstone ranks Noble did well at centre, but was not supported. Stevenson put up a good game at left half for the home club.

VALE OUTCLASSED.

ALBION ROVERS, 8; V. OF LEVEN, 0.

The Western Cup competition at Coatbridge yesterday between Albion Rovers and Vale of Leven proved a very one-sided affair. During the first half the 'Brig club scored five goals—Anderson (2), Gallogley (2), and Dowds (1)—all taken without any semblance of fluke. The visitors never looked like scoring.

The second half was almost a repetition of the first, the Vale being completely outclassed. Anderson, Ralston, and Corcoran each scored for the 'Brig club, who won by eight goals to nothing. This is the second time within a month that the Rovers have scored eight goals against the Vale.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

HIBS' BIG WIN.

DUNDEE HIBS., 5; EAST FIFE, 1.

At Tannadice Park. Hibs did more of the pressing in a well-contested game, but on the whole the score flatters their superiority, for East Fife played good football, but could not take their chances at close quarters. M'Guire opened the scoring for Hibs. He headed through in brilliant style from a corner kick taken by Bellamy, and the irrepressible "Mac" had the second goal. He beat Gardener with a brilliant shot. Before the interval M'Cabe put East Fife further down.

When ends were changed East Fife were seen to better advantage for a brief period, during which Law scored, but thereafter the game veered round in favour of the home team. Thomson scored from a penalty kick, granted against Main for handling, and Fraser also beat Gardener. East Fife were exceptionally unlucky. All round, the Hibs played well. Archie Taylor was remarkably steady at left back, and M'Cabe's display as centre-forward was promising. Best for East Fife were Gardener, Main, M'Mahon, and Newbigging.

QUOITING.

R. Heeps, Standrigg, 61; W. Gray, Maddiston, 29. £20 match at Falkirk.

A. M'Lean, Gatemide, 51; J. M'Culloch, Barrhead, 27. Twenty-one yards match at Gatemide.

The fifteen yards match for £10 at Springside resulted in a win for Ivie Rankin at 41-36. A close enough margin for S. Deans to try his luck again.

Charlie Reid, Springside, offers to play J. Withers, Galston, for £10 a-side. This challenge can be ratified at the Riddex-Chynoweth game on New Year's Day.

The Haire v. Gray game was duly played off. Haire being the challenger and winner. Gray is anxious for a chance to reverse. Gray's distance is eighteen yards, but to suit Haire he toed the line at twenty-one yards. Give Sam a practice game at the tomato sheds, and "Slippy Quoit" can have the chance to win or lose other £10 or £20 if he cares.

The first Saturday of the year is mentioned or a fortnight later. Anything doing, Mr Haire?

The Muirkirk crack has not a fixture for the New Year. Any offers to Garrophill, Muirkirk, will find Kilpatrick.

Willie Bain, Bankend, Coalburn, got beaten by Cowie, Kirkmuirhill, by 10 after conceding 10 shots. Try again, Willie.

John Gibson (on behalf of John Darner) having made his offer, W. Walkinshaw is advised that further talk is barred.

John Gourlay (Burnbank) plays James M'Faulls (Blantyre) at Blantyre to-morrow for £30. Distance, eighteen yards.

On Wednesday of this week W. Clements, Burnbank, plays James Boyle, Blantyre, for £20. Distance, fifteen yards.

Andrew Smith, Auchenbegg, and L. Mitchell, Devonburn, have fired up for £10 on Tuesday at Auchenbegg. As the former is well on his game, it's a sound investment to put your money on Smith. It's a ten o'clock start, and promises to be the game of the season.

Walter Brown, Auchenbegg, challenges Walter Mair for £10 at fifteen yards, and "Dise" will take the acceptance.

Alan Morton is Queen's top scorer.

Ayr United are hopelessly in the rut.

Celts enjoyed an Ayr raid and came home safely.

Yarnall had a characteristic dash and goal for his new masters.

WHIPPETING.

GLASGOW.

The card yesterday was made up of the finishing stages of last week's event and thirty preliminary heats of a new handicap. First Semi-Final—Mr Berry's Wild Night (34)—2 to 1 against. Second Semi-Final—Mr Thomson's Liberty (34)—2 to 1 against. Third Semi-Final—Mr Dickson's Extravagance (28½)—6 to 4 against. Fourth Semi-Final—Mr Thomson's Sorley Lad (28½)—6 to 4 against. Final—1 (£21) Mr Thomson's Liberty (34); 2 (£5) Mr Dickson's Extravagance (28½); 3 Mr Thomson's Sorley Lad (22½). Also ran—Mr Berry's Wild Night (34). Betting—5 to 4 on Liberty, evens Extravagance, 2 to 1 against Wild Night, 6 to 1 Sorley Lad. Won by inches.

New Handicap (first prize £21) Heat Winners—Mr Greenhorn's Clean Pipe (26), Davie's Dark Ronald (21), Thomson's Buckshire Bill (2), Young's Tom (20½), Clifford's Daisy (39), Mitchell's Lie Low (26), Bell's Corner Lad (33), Bain's Newhouse Lass (36½), Strawhorn's Wellington Lad (17½), King's Isa (37), Reid's Hairy Dan (36), Milligan's Black Label (32), Twigg's Dreamy Day (29½), M'Queen's Quality (22½), Hodgson's Miss Fly (39), M'Kellar's Lonend Lad (31), Watson's Bill H. (35½), M'Ghie's Grange Lad (39½), Daly's Mischief (26½), Mitchell's Sunrise (28), Hanlon's Knutsford (26), Doran's Thora (25½), Gardner's Trench Digger (34), Morrison's Ayr Lass (23½), Gilchrist's Wee Jerry (30), Wilkie's Express (35), Paterson's Snap (23), Anderson's Dido (15), Williams' Bell (20), M'Donald's Heatherbell (26½).

COATBRIDGE.

The weekly handicap was held yesterday afternoon, the racing being keen, and the finishes exciting. The finals in last week's racing resulted as follows:—First Semi-Final—Johnston's More Sugar (34); 2 Dunlop's Bonnie Lassie (36). Second Semi-Final—1 M'Callum's Only Lass (31); 2 Miller's Baker (38).—Third Semi-Final—Dickson's Silver Bell (39) and Robert's Sister (29) (dead heat). Final—1 Baker, 2 Silver Bell. Betting—5 to 1 against Baker, 5 to 1 against Silver Bell. The winners in the new handicap heats were:—Mac's Brave Chap (43), Marshall's Maggie Lauder (35), M'Cabe's Frisky (42), Hill's Hilda (41), Norton's Lizzie (41), Montgomery's Rosemary (31), Carr's Look Sharp (39), Hendry's Fill Up (37), Dixon's White Felt (38), M'Mahon's Mick (36), Willie's Spark (27), Crook's Dandy (40), Traquair's Homeless Hector (37), Anderson's Whisky (34), M'Kenna's Dick (31), Owen's Sullivan (40), Dickson's Tiger (32), Allan's White Tip (41), O'Brien's Prue (38), Hamilton's Nellie Ray (36), M'Ghie's Sawyer (31).

EDINBURGH.

A 190 yards dog handicap was run at Powderhall yesterday, 180 dogs taking part. Finalists—Malcolm's (Edinburgh) Tide Time (35), Law's (Edinburgh) Scots Rose (31), Gray's (Edinburgh) Bellevue Lad (34), Noble's (Edinburgh) Dan (36), Darby's (Uphall) Black Mick (30). Winner—(£8) Bellevue Lad. Ten shillings to each of the others. Betting—5 to 1 on Bellevue Lad, 5 to 1 against Scots Rose, 6 to 1 Black Mick, 12 to 1 each Dan and Tide Time. An easy win for the favourite by a yard. Time—10½ seconds.

LOCHGELLLY.

1 Mr Leitch's (Denbeath) Fire Fly (15); 2 Mr Henderson's (Dunfermline) Blue Bell (18); 3 Mr Forsyth's (Lochgelly) Hungry Hill (19); 4 Mr Lynch's (Lochgelly) Silver Tag (13). Betting—Evens on Fire Fly.

STOCK EXCHANGE NOTES.

(Specially Contributed to "The Post Sunday Special.")

London, Saturday Night.

With only two working days available this week, it is not surprising that business on the Stock Exchange has been extremely restricted. Nevertheless, various striking developments have occurred which give promise of better things in the future, notably the drastic reduction in Treasury Bill rates, which has caused a corresponding decline in the value of money, and should lead to a lowering of deposit rates in the New Year.

This would be the best tonic imaginable for the investment departments, and although the National War Bonds must continue to attract the bulk of the nation's savings, there is no reason why at least a portion of the forthcoming huge interest and dividend disbursements should not find their way back into the markets for reinvestment.

Latest Market Points.

As usual at this time of the year, the thoughts of investors turn to Home Rails, in view of the fact that present quotations include six months', and in several cases twelve months' accrued dividend.

What the Canadian Railway market has been waiting for has now come off—viz., an increase of from 10 to 15 per cent. in passenger and freight rates, which should help these companies to counter the great rise in working expenditure.

There has been a revival in the Shipping division, the latest rumour being that the P. & O. may take in both the Indo-China and the Mercantile Steamship Companies.

Peck Brothers and Winch Preds., which are of the face value of £5, but stood at only 1½ before the war, have lately changed hands up to £4 apiece, in anticipation of a scheme for the payment of the dividend arrears, which now amount to 27½ per cent.

The Brewing industry is still going great guns, and the latest sign of the times is the coming payment of an interim dividend on Watney Combe Deferred.

Chemical shares are still going well, and the latest supporting factor is the proposed formation of a cartel for this important industry.

Turn for the Better in Rubber.

The Rubber market has taken a turn for the better, and investors have not been slow to take up the running, thus showing that they have not lost their former penchant for Rubber shares.

In the meantime considerable variation is still being shown in results. The most disappointing showing is that of the Sekong Rubber, which is paying a dividend of only 6 per cent. for the past year. On that basis the shares cannot be worth their last quoted price of about 24s.

Bantam Javas are more worth 40s on their distribution of 15 per cent., but even these shares are high enough.

The Heves (Johore) Plantations is paying 9 per cent. for the past year, and these shares stand at about 22s 6d.

Oils Firm in Places.

The holiday influences have also made their effects felt in the case of Oil shares, which, however, have been firm in places, with Trinidad and Egyptian descriptions chiefly to the fore.

The Mining Market.

A firmer tone has developed in Kaffir shares, partly upon some favourable dividends on New Modderfontein at 15s per share against 12s for the two previous half-years, while Modder "B" pays 2s against 8s for the two previous half-years.

Rose Deep receives 3s 6d for the December half-year, against 2s 6d for the June half-year and 3s 3d for December half, 1916. Rand Mines pay again 3s 6d, same as for June half. New Modderfontein are up at 22⅝, Modder "B" at 8 11-16 and other sound shares are sympathising.

There has been an almost general improvement in Rhodesian mines, notably in East African Lands, Falcons, and Glants, while Lonely Reefs are also higher at 30s. Westralians are steady.

The fact that the Government is likely to take control of Tin has not had a favourable effect upon the price. From £308, the price of the metal has now fallen to £293 10s for cash, and it remains to be seen how it will finally shape. In the meantime, Nigerian Tin shares are very quiet, but in the Cornish group East Pool rose sharply to 17s 10d. Russians were at one time very dull, but are slightly firmer now. Russo-Asiatics stand at 5⅛.

A costume recital and concert were given in Stirling yesterday in aid of the Annfield War Work Supply Depot, and realised £100. Mr Matheson Lang and Miss Hutin Britton contributed Shakespearean recitals. The battle hymn of the American Republic was sung by Misss Henderson, of Glasgow.

RECORD DEMAND

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4-Fold "Harlene" GIFT

OF

HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FOR ALL.

1,000,000 "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits FREE.

THE great public demand for the Four-Fold gift of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits has beaten all records. If you wish to be in time to participate in this Great offer of Hair Health and Beauty you must send in your application at once. To make doubly sure

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1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual giving complete instructions.

One million "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits are to-day offered to the Public. If you take pride in your appearance you will accept one of these four-fold Gifts. Send the coupon below to-day.

No simpler, quicker, or more effective method of overcoming all hair troubles, and growing a really fine head of luxuriant and beautiful hair, has yet been discovered. It only takes up two minutes a day, and thousands throughout the world are already practising it to their hair-benefit. It quickly banishes Dandruff, overcomes Scalp Irritation, restores Greasy, Lustreless, and Brittle Hair to health, strength, and beauty, thickens the growth, and enriches the colour of your hair, prevents hair from falling, and conquers Partial or Total Baldness. You can try this wonderful "Harlene Hair-Drill" free, except for the trifling expense of four penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to your address.

If you suffer from any hair defect write at once for one of these Free Trial Outfits. Do not delay in applying, as there is certain to be an especially great demand this month. Once you have tried it you will continue to use it always for your hair's sake.

When once you have satisfied yourself at no cost of the marvellous efficacy of these splendid toilet preparations it is as well to know that further supplies may be obtained as desired from your local chemist — "Harlene" at 1s., 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s 9d. per bottle; "Solidified Harlene," for travellers, &c., 2s. 9d. per tin; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s., 2s 6d.; "Cremex" at 1s. 1½d. per box of 7 shampoos (single 2d. each).

Any or all of these preparations will be sent to you, post free, on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON

Cut out and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LTD., 20, 22, 24, & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps, cost of carriage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. "Mark Envelope Sample Dept."

"Sunday Post," 30/12/17.

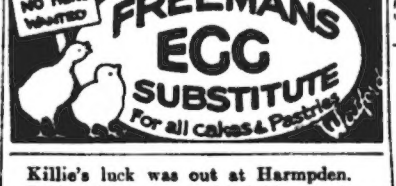
WHEN RUN DOWN

or weakened by illness, ANDERSON'S QUININE & IRON TONIC comes as a welcome reinforcement to aid you in renewing the battle of Life. It does it successfully. Sold in bottles at 1s 3d and 2s 3d each at

JAS. ANDERSON'S DUNDEE DRUG STORES

70-74 COMMERCIAL ST., DUNDEE.

The Depot in Dundee for all Medicines, &c., of Best Quality at Minimum Prices.



Our portrait is of Mr. Frederick Birch, of 5, Ormond Road, Hornsey Rise, London, N. who writes:—

"I was suffering from DISEASED RIGHT HIP for four years, and had to go in hospital four times (once for 10 months). The disease started with inflammation in the hip, and then a bad Abscess formed. I had to have THREE OPERATIONS PERFORMED, and after each I was laid out with weights on the legs and tube in the hip. THE PAIN WAS INTENSE. Still there did not seem to be much improvement. Then, seeing in one of the papers a case similar to my own having been cured by 'CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE,' I thought I would try it, and after a few bottles found a great improvement, so continued with your Mixture, and I am glad to say the wounds in my hip are completely healed and the pain is all gone, in fact I AM NOW QUITE CURED."

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, by reason of its remarkable blood purifying properties, can be relied upon to give speedy relief and lasting benefit in all cases of Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Sores and Eruptions, Piles, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism, &c. Pleasant to take, and free from anything injurious. Ask for and see you get

Clarke's Blood Mixture

"EVERYBODY'S BLOOD PURIFIER."

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per Bottle.

NOW DESTROY YOUR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

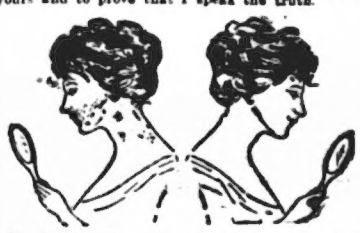
I WILL SEND FREE TO ALL READERS SECRET BY WHICH I DESTROYED MY OWN GROWTH.

Marvellous Indian Secret Banishes Unsightly Hair on Face, Arms, Neck, or Elsewhere.

I say that you need no longer pay out your money for worthless depilatories, but that I can rid you of your Superfluous Hair with a simple home treatment, without electricity, tweezers, or other ineffective and painful devices of the beauty doctor.

Don't shut your eyes and say "Impossible," but put me to the test.

You have tried everything you ever heard of, and have spent your good money right and left just as others have. I say well and good; let me prove my claims to you beyond question. Let me send you without charge the complete instructions which resulted in my own cure after many things had failed. I am willing to put my time against yours and to prove that I speak the truth.



So send me the coupon below, or a copy of it, with your name and address stating whether Mrs. or Miss, and I will send you at once full particulars of a wonderful secret obtained from the Hindoos, by which I destroyed my own heavy growths of hair on face and arms, root and all, so that it never returned. I will also send you, free, particulars of other valuable beauty secrets as soon as they are ready. This free offer is limited. So make your application quickly and take advantage of it before it is too late. Remember this offer costs you nothing except two penny stamps for postage, &c. Send coupon, or a copy of it, and address it to me as below.

FREE COUPON Good for immediate use only by readers of "The Sunday Post" when sent with two penny stamps for postage.

Mrs HUDSON: Please send me free your full information and confidential instructions to banish superfluous hair; also additional particulars of other beauty secrets as soon as ready.

Above coupon, or copy of same, with your name and address and 2d stamps, to be sent to Frederica Hudson, Suite J.1232, No. 9 Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE.—Mrs Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Officer in the British Army, so you can write her with every confidence. Address as above.

Foster Clark's

The Creamiest Custard

Cream Custard

At Pre-War Prices, From 10/6.

Of Stationers and Jewellers. *Catalogue Post Free.*

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Killie's luck was out at Harmpden.

Belfast United gave Linfield a hard run yesterday. M'Ewan scored the only goal.

The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1917.

HOGMANAY ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

All smiles! These kilties are not a bit downhearted because they cannot get home for Hogmanay. They are determined to make the best of matters in the trenches.

WE ARE GOING TO SEE IT THROUGH!

THE MESSAGE OF THE NEW YEAR.

By DURWARD MACLEOD.

STANDING at the gateway of 1918, it is of vital importance for us to realise that, while some British tongues are wagging dolefully, pacifically, selfishly, and foolishly, the great, undaunted soul of the Empire remains calm and imperturbable.

I am of those who possess implicit faith in the adamantine and unconquerable determination of the nation's "Will to Win." Is this trust justified? My answer is an emphatic affirmative. The whole history of our race radiates with one grand, uncontrovertible truth — to wit, that, having once unsheathed the sword in a worthy cause, its return to the scabbard has ever synchronised with our pæans of victory. And it shall, it must be so, in this the most gigantic and the most terrible war of all time.

One Grand Purpose.

Yes, the lads will see it through. They at least know the characteristics of the Hun. Have they not viewed his vile handiwork in fair France and Belgium? Have they not gazed upon the tragic faces of women and listened to their tales of bloodshed, of outrage, and of unparalleled barbarism?

Think you that our lads will prove traitors to their noble dead—the comrades who now lie sleeping their last sleep in the countless graves of Flanders? It is impossible to so doubt the honour and the chivalry of the soldiers of the Empire. Nothing but the defeat of the enemy in battle will satisfy the defenders of our country on land and sea. No patched-up peace with the brutal foe will be acceptable to Tommy or Jack. One grand and glorious purpose animates them all—the accursed, war-mad Germans must be made to drink of the bitter waters of humiliation.

Let us hail this coming year in the firm faith that it shall witness the vanquishing of our adversaries and the return of the flower of our manhood to the homeland with flying colours. I honestly believe that ere the dawn of 1919 we shall have subdued for ever the military aspirations of the Central Powers, and that the blessed sunshine of peace shall have dissipated the darkness and the sorrow of the world's last war.

Bombastic Messages,

Nevertheless, at this season, when civilisation is under bombardment by the Central Powers with bombastic messages of triumph, mingled with strident appeals for peace, it is fitting to recall that we have not yet won the war, and that the objects for which so many of our gallant warriors have laid down their lives have not yet been attained. While the imperishable glory and heroism of the matchless men of Mons and the Marne saved us from overwhelming disaster, let us not forget that the Huns continue to desecrate the soil of France, Belgium, Italy, Serbia, and Roumania; the Kaiser apotheosises the mailed fist and the shining sword, and blasphemously claims the Lord of Creation as an "unconditional and armed ally"; and Hindenburg and Ludendorff are crowing so loudly about the future that the enemy populations may almost be excused for believing that the day of our defeat draws near.

I mention such things in no pessimistic mood, but simply in order to emphasise the crass imbecility of the hypochondriacs, now living within the safe haven of these islands, whose one overwhelming ambition may be summed up in the sentences—"Stop the war at once. Let us have peace by negotiation, irrespective of terms."

Despite, however, these hysterical outbursts and the abominable campaign of pacifism—which has as its aim the lying down of that clean fighter, the British lion, with the snarling, brutal, blood-gorged, crafty Prussian wolf—the soul of the British Empire, I repeat, remains calm and imperturbable. Motherland and Dominions and Colonies, indissolubly linked together by the sacred bonds of blood and of reciprocal affection, represent one great nation, the component parts of which shall stand or fall together.

Reparation Phase of Peace.

Peace! The word has a sinister sound coming from the mouths of the lying Huns, who have torn from war the scanty garment of glory it possessed by the employment of foul inventions worthy of the devil himself. There can be no just, no lasting peace on earth until the military prestige of the Huns has been smashed to atoms.

As our Prime Minister has so well said, the ideals for which we are fighting to-day are precisely the same as those for which we entered the war. We accepted the challenge thrown down by Prussia in order to free the world once and for all from the intolerable menace of a militaristic civilisation and to secure a lasting peace by restoring the liberty of the oppressed nationalities and by enforcing respect to those laws and treaties which are the protection of all nations, whether great or small. And for the realisation of those ideals we must and shall fight on.

M. Pichon, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, put all this peace talk into a nutshell when he declared that the Allies will consider this war won when the German people tell us through their legally-accredited representatives that they are ready to accept peace based on justice and reparation for the wrong done.

The Germans have not yet reached the reparation phase of peace. Puffed up by their military successes, they want to sit down at the Conference table and say to the Allies, "You have not won the war. Our unconquerable armies have defied the combined force of practically the rest of the world. But we are tired of the game, and don't mind dropping out. There must be no question of indemnities, however, and we refuse to pay for the damage we have done. Give us back our Colonies, and we may clear out of Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania, but Alsace-Lorraine is a bird of a different feather. Seeing that the majority of the inhabitants of these provinces are Germans, we are willing that a plebiscite should be taken there as to whether or not the lost provinces of France will be returned to her."

Is it for such a result that thousands of our best and bravest have fought and died? Perish the thought! Alsace-Lorraine is not only a French question but a world question. It is a symbol of right. It is a principle of justice, and until the Germans are overwhelmed on the Western front it is useless for us to confer with the representatives of the Fatherland on the subject of peace.

Two thousand years have elapsed since Cicero wrote, "Peace is to be produced by victory, not by negotiation," and this dictum is the only possible one that can prevail in the case of the Huns. Thank God, our fighting men are inspired by that great truth. A day or two ago Mr Havelock Wilson, M.P., publicly stated that he had received letters from hundreds of soldiers, all of whom declared that they were going to carry on to victory. Tommy has still a big score marked up against the enemy, and no shouting for peace on the part of any body of civilians is going to deprive him of his right to make the gas and liquid fire experts, the murderers of age and childhood, pay the penalty for their hellish crimes.

Can We Forget?

Mr Wilson made another announcement. He drew attention to a statement by Mr Arthur Henderson, M.P., to the effect that there was to be no economic boycott of Germany. "The seaman," said Mr Wilson, "knows that ten thousand of his fellowmen have been deliberately murdered, and no British seaman will go on a ship with a German after the war. All the meetings of working men that I have addressed have declared that Germany must be punished for her crimes."

The world's memory may be short, but not in a generation will it forget the ghastly wrongs inflicted upon it by the Kaiser and his myrmidons.

Captain David Fallon, M.C., late of the British and Australian Forces—who bears the marks of fifteen wounds received in action—provided us with a true picture of the German nation when he penned the following—"If a mad dog is running about the house you do not hesitate to destroy it. To-day we have a nation gone mad and tugging at the throat of civilisation. That mad nation must be treated as you would treat the mad dog. It makes no choice. It attacks non-combatants, women, little girls, and little boys. Perhaps it attacks them a bit more viciously because they have no means to strike back.

"Nothing and no one is safe if this people is not beaten down. I have seen the results of their friendliness. I know what they have done to innocence and purity. That is why I have fought, and would fight now if I could. I was not born to be a Prussian slave, and I was ready to kill or be killed to prevent my countrymen from entering slavery. What real man or what real woman can say less?"

And those sentiments, held by millions of our men in khaki, form the driving force before which the Huns will yet have to bow the knee.

I refuse to commit the brainless frivolity of belittling the magnitude of the task with which we and our Allies are still faced. It is sufficient for us to recognise the fact that Armageddon must of necessity continue until Germany's pride in her military machine is humbled in the dust. The Hun must be made to see that militarism does not pay, and when he grasps that essential truth Wilhelm II., of the House of Hohenzollern, and his brood and his Junkers will cease to pester humanity by their worship of the gory fist of mail and the sword [illegible] hideous by the blood of the innocent [illegible] the helpless.

For the benefit of those who doubt [illegible] ability to subdue the enemy—and who [illegible] the opinion that a military decision [illegible] never be obtained—I would simply point [illegible] that but for the disruption of the Russian armies this ideal would in all likelihood have already materialised. That is the view expressed by Sir Douglas Haig, and it is good enough for me.

The Giant of the West.

The Russian breakdown—whether it be permanent or temporary—only postpones the final issue. The Giant of the West will more than compensate for the loss of the Giant of the East. The vast resources of the United States in men, machinery, and money—actualities which many in this country fail to adequately discern—will soon make their weighty presence felt on the western front.

The star-spangled banner now flutters in company with the flags of liberty, and the citizens of the great Republic have entered the conflict with a grim, relentless determination to help free mankind from the German menace. This indomitable resolve has been visualised in the following verses written by a noted Carolina Judge:

We are coming, men of Europe, we are coming millions strong,
There to stay and ne'er to falter, tho' the [illegible] be hard and long.
"To the end" shall be our slogan—for the world it SHALL be free,
And the evil power of despots crushed at last land and sea.
Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs, hearken to the approaching beat
Of the footsteps of a nation that has never known defeat,
Clad in armour of the righteous, caring naught for German might,
We are coming, we are coming, there to win or die for right.

We have it on the authority of President Wilson that America is prepared to fight on to the last man and the last dollar, which means ten millions of men and wealth far in excess of that of any other nation in the world.

Nor will the U-boats prevent the passage of the "Sammies" across the Atlantic. Both British and American naval authorities have expressed themselves convincingly on this point. We command the world's seven seas, and the strongest possible proof of the fact is to be found within the boundaries of Germany and Austro-Hungary. It is too much to assume that, provided the economic conditions in the enemy countries fail to speedily undergo a radical change for the better, the endurance of the civilian will collapse, and their fabrics of government will be engulfed and disappear.

"Marching On!"

Peace by negotiation with the foe at this juncture would mean the suicide of civilisation. The British Empire will have none of it, and in this attitude is firmly supported by France, Italy, and America. It would be a black crime against the upward progress of humanity to make peace with the Huns until we have convinced them beyond a shadow of doubt that God is neither advocate nor an upholder of their monstrous aphorism, "Might is right."

With unfaltering resolution we will do our brave Allies shall pursue the task set us by destiny, and in the darkest hours before the dawn our hearts shall be steeled anew and inspired by a vision of the fair flower of a lasting and just peace blossoming forth from the incarnadined fields of Europe.

Mine eyes have seen the coming [illegible] of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where [illegible] of wrath are stored.
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of [illegible] rible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.
I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel,
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

DURWARD MACLEOD.

"THE LADS WHO WILL SEE IT THROUGH."

A tribute to the gallant fighters and workers who are firm-pledged to "carry on" till victory be won.

Peace! How vain the word is spoken—insult to our noble dead,
To our sons now maimed and broken, to the blood so freely shed.
Blood of freemen, staunch in honour, counting ne'er the loss or gain,
Comrades in the Great Adventure, shall their sacrifice be vain?
They who carved the path to glory, pioneers of Britain's might,
Shall their long day's darg be barren—shall we quit the bloody fight?
Nay! There comes o'er cannon's rattle, slogan from the hearts so true,
"We still bear aloft the banner! We are going to see it through!"

See it through till victory cometh, till the sword is sheathed with pride,
And a Despot's power is broken, crushed aneath the venging tide.
Stout of heart, our vows repeating, as we hail the dawning year,
Marching on, intrepid, bravely, unassailed by doubt or fear.
There are empty chairs to mind us, vacant places round the fire,
Of the lives so freely offered on war's sacrificial pyre,
Gifted in the cause of freedom—lads in khaki and in blue,
Leading so that we might follow—so that we might see it through.

So the New Year bells are pealing "Onward for your God and Right!"
O'er the shell-torn fields of conflict, through the darkness into light,
O'er the gloomy hills of sorrow streams a light of golden hue,
Light to 'lume earth's gloom and shadow—when our lads have seen it through.

HECTOR MACKAY.

JUST BACK FROM THE BATTLE.

These two Scottish soldiers have [illegible] emerged from a "scrap" near Ypres [illegible] they are quite pleased with the [illegible] they were able to settle with the Hun.

PREPARING FOR DEAR OLD BLIGHTY

Official Photo.

These cheery Scots have seen some of the heaviest fighting on the Western front, and are preparing for their well-deserved New Year's leave. They are quite confident as to our ability to pull through. They are certainly going to do their share in 1918.

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